THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

THE SEA EAGLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

Over the dark up heaving wave,
Over the sprinkling spray;
Where the resistless winds of heaven rave,
And the riven lightnings play;
Over the deep unbroken gloom,
That wraps the bounding surge;
Where the tempest o'er the sailor's tomb,
Utters its dismal dirge;
With a piercing shriek I hurry past,
Upon the shivering gale;
And the monkey from the rocking mast,
Shrinks at my boding wail;
And away I sweep o'er the briny deep,
While the reckless billows madly leap,
From their hoapless caves below.

My wings are plumed for flight,
O'er the broad main's roffled breast;
Kiss the chaste curtain of the night,
Hush wrapt the mountains crest;
But the sun is sinking low,
In his crystal halls to rest;
While in his golden lustre glow,
The bright isles of the west;
And out upon the angry seas,
While the rushing waters ring,
My pinions to the sighing breeze,
With a lightsome heart I fling;
For I love to flee o'er the sounding sea,
And its solemn moan is a joy to me,
When the wild waves leap in their stormy glee,
From their hoapless caves below.

From Melville's frozen lakes,
From Heela's wintry peak,
Where the Polar storm in its fury breaks,
On the icefield wild and bleak;
Where the Greenland skiff rolls light,
On the gloomy Arctic billow;
And darkly hangs the solemn night,
Round the icebergs foaming pillow;
To where the moon blooms,
On the far Brazilian shore;
And the lime tree flings its light perfumes,
The tropic breezes o'er;
I love to flee o'er the sounding sea,
For its solemn moan is a joy to me,
When the wild waves leap in their stormy glee,
From their hoapless caves below.

Original Tales.

THE TWENTY DOLLAR NOTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "GABLE END FARM."

CHAPTER I.

Edward Grove was at one time a clerk in the Custom House, and upon the strength of a good salary he married. In the course of four years he was father of a son and daughter, and with good health and fine prospects, he was as happy as an excellent wife could make him. Every year he contrived to lay up a little sum for a rainy day, but when the rainy day came there was no money to sustain them. At the time we begin this little history, his son was twelve and his daughter eight years of age, and when his wife filled the tea kettle and put it on the fire there was nothing to set before the family but half a loaf of bread.

"The tea is made, dear," said she to her suffering husband, "shall I help you to rise, or will you take breakfast in bed?"

"I think I had better get up, Anna, for my thoughts are more worrying when in bed. Where is Lewis?"

"He went out half an hour ago," said she, coloring, for she did not like to tell him that the child had gone to a jeweller's to sell a gold ring, the last ornament, excepting her wedding ring, that she possessed.

The little boy came in flushed with excitement, for he had found a twenty dollar bank note, and, childlike, he thought it had become his own property.

"Where did you find it?" cazed his father, rising from the bed to examine the bill.

"Just at the corner, father; step this way, and I will show you the very spot."

"It must be advertised, my son, and I have no doubt the owner will come and claim it."

"Oh, father, why must we give it up? we want the money so badly, and what is lying in the street certainly belongs to the one that picks it up."

"If your hat was carried off by the wind, and a little boy saw it round the corner lying on the pavement, would that hat belong to him?"

"Certainly not, father—yes, I see it now, and this money is not ours. Perhaps some poor person has lost it, so it must be advertised. I wonder if that strange old gentleman over the way could have dropped it?"

"I think not," said Mr. Grove, "for he never goes out, that is, I have never seen him leave the house, but you can step over and ask him."

So Lewis went across the narrow street, and at the window he saw the person of whom he spoke, he was leaning on the window sill looking up and down the street.

"I found a bank note, sir, just down there," said the boy, "and father thought I had better ask if you had lost it."

"Come in, come in," said the gentleman, "go round to the street door and I will open it. Yes, I have lost a note, a twenty dollar note. I will show you the number and all about it."

Often and often did Lewis want to see the inside of that large house, and above all to know something of the stranger, who seemed to live entirely alone.

"The note I lost is number 2340; now is that the number of the note you found?"

Lewis did not know, but he ran over to his father to ascertain if that note had these numbers on it. The stranger told him to hasten back. Mrs. Grove sighed as Lewis left them with the twenty dollars, and her husband tried to cheer her by observing that good would come out of it yet, for that in all probability the gentleman would give the child a dollar or two.

"And yet," said Mrs. Grove, "that would not be right, for it is a mere act of honesty, and why should it be rewarded? It has often struck me that the rich have an idea that it is a very praiseworthy act for a poor man to return money found in the street. It is an insult to him, and he feels it keenly; there is more honesty among the poor than is generally conceded, and even among servants, where temptations are thrown in their way, how few there are that are dishonest. But there comes Lewis; what has he in that basket?"

Lewis, with sparkling eyes and a warm glow on his cheek, opened the basket, first making his father, mother and sister sit around the table. It was the remains of an epicure's breakfast, and quite sufficed for them all, particularly as they were supplied with tea and bread. If the food had been cut up and scattered about the dish they might have scrupled to touch it, but it was evident that the contents of the basket were just as the restaurator sent it.

"Now, Lewis, tell us all that passed after you took the note; his name is Melville, you say?"

"Yes mother, his name is Lewis Melville, and I really think that he likes me the better for having his name, and yet I do not see why, for no one in any the better for having a particular name."

"Well, never mind moralizing," said his mother, "but let us hear what passed."

Lewis, however, did not wish to give a faithful account of his visit, for he thought his parents would not like to hear how free he had been in speaking of their embarrassments. His father suspected this and encouraged him to proceed by observing that it was very probable if Mr. Melville could be aware of their present unfortunate situation he might suggest some plan of relief.

"That is just what I thought, father," said Lewis "so when Mr. Melville asked why you chose to live in a house almost roofless, I told him of your rheumatism and of your not being able to write, and in short father he drew from me that just now, only just now, we were very badly off and then spoke of the ring that I was going to take to the jeweller's, and on looking at it he said he wanted just such a ring for a friend. He told me to see how much the jeweller would give for it and then to bring it to him. Just then a man brought in a large tray covered with rolls, muffins and all these nice things. I suppose I must have looked eager, or else he suspected that I had not breakfasted, for he made me bring over almost the whole of what was brought to him, reserving only the coffee and a muffin. He said he never ate more, but the man would always bring enough for three or four persons."

"Did you see the servants, did they know of your bringing the basket here?"

"Why mother, he has no servants, it is the queer out thing you ever heard, he says he has no wants, that a woman comes every day to sweep the house from the top to the bottom, that she does not eat there nor sleep there, and what is very extraordinary the room that he sits in over there has no carpet on it and there are only three common chairs and a small plain bedstead in it. He sits in a rocking chair with a table before him covered with newspapers."

"It is very singular, perhaps he is only an agent, and is placed there to take care of the house."

"Oh, no father, he is the owner of it, for he observed that he intended to have bought the lot on which our house stands, but he thought better of it and contented himself with the house he was in and the one adjoining."

"I have seen a dirty slipshod woman go in and out of the gate, but I can hardly believe that Mr. Melville would allow her to have the range of so fine a house."

"That is the very woman that sweeps and dusts, I heard him calling her names."

"Calling her names! what do you mean, is he a vulgar man?"

"No, not at all mother, he is only odd and funny, he made me laugh several times, but I cannot stop to tell you now, for I must go to the jeweller's, and dear mother will you get the basket in neat order by the time I come back."

Lewis took the basket and plates to Mr Melville, with the price of the ring on a slip of paper, the jeweller would only give a dollar for it. Mr Melville said it was worth two dollars, so he gave the money to Lewis and told him that if his mother would like to have the ring, she could redeem it at any future time. Lewis was still lingering at the door when he heard something fall.

"That jade will set me crazy with her carelessness," said the eccentric man, "just see if she has not broken the wall, she is constantly letting her broom or brush fall, and I think she does it on purpose! Here you Sal-volat, what are you about on the stairs?"

"My name is not Sally Volat, but Sally Peters, I told you so when you hired me."

"I hired you? I wonder if you call yourself a hireling, Sal peter, why don't you tell me what you let tall from your hand?"

"What could I let fall but a brush or a broom, for there is not another article in the house that I can see?"

"Well, Sal-sify, so much the better for you, if there is no furniture, there is no necessity to keep it in order."

"My name is not Sal Sophie, muttered the woman, loud enough for the quick ear of the master of the house.

"Not Sal sify, then it must be Sal-eratus, so clear out Mrs. Sal-eratus, and let me hear no more noise."

"Sally Ratus! I wonder what next! If you are forgetful I can put up with it," said the woman indignantly, "but if you do it to make game (spitting in the palm of her hands and clenching them) come on and I'll show you what game is."

"Ha, ha, ha, so you are angry, Salmagundi, and want to fight me, are you not ashamed? Why you told me your name was Salamunoniac, and now you object to me calling you so."

"My name is Sally Peters," bawled the woman, "and there is no excuse now, for I speak loud enough."

"Yes, yes, now I know it; yes, your name is Salient Angle, so be off with you for I want to talk to this young gentleman."

The woman stood boiling with rage, her anger got the better of her prudence, for she received half a dollar every day for doing the lightest work in the world.

"Why, don't you go, Mrs. Sally Port, I am sure I have hit your name right."

"I'll hit you right any how," said she, flinging the dusting brush across the room, which might have been a dangerous blow, if he had not dodged. The woman, frightened at what she had done, left the house in haste, but as she had to pass the window the old gentleman put out his head and told her to stop for her day's wages.

"Keep the money to get you in the asylum, you crazy old fool you," said she.

"Ha, ha, ha, Mrs. Salvatella, here is your money," so saying he hit her hard on the back of her neck with a dollar. This enraged her still more so she stooped down for the dollar to throw at him, but thinking better of it, she took up a piece of brick instead, and sent it right through a pane of glass and then ran away as fast as her clip shod state allowed.

Mr. Melville leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily, not being the least annoyed by the broken glass, but on recovering his composure, he recollected that he must now get another servant to sweep and keep out the spiders.

Lewis all this time looked on with amazement, fearing that Mr. Melville was in reality a little moon struck as the woman hinted. He asked if this Mrs. Sally Peters had really gone, this set the old gentleman going again, and his laugh was so contagious that Lewis joined him, and the noise they both made prevented them from hearing the bell ring.

However, the person who was ringing did not seem to be in a hurry, for the ringing continued, and in an interval of stillness the bell was heard. Lewis opened the street door and a colored woman with pail, brush and broom in hand came courtseying in the room.

"Well, what do you want good woman, who sent you here?"

"I heard you wanted a person to sweep and dust the house, so I came to offer my services, I can bring good recommendations."

"Who cares for your character, you may be an arrant thief for any harm you can do me, there is not a single article in the whole house, large as it is, back buildings and all—what is your name?"

"I hain't got no name."

"No name, why what do people call you?"

"Sometimes one thing, sometimes another. I answers to any thing, sometimes 'tis Lucy, and sometimes 'tis Peggy."

"Go to work then, Lucifer matches, and sweep the house from the attic to the cellar, don't leave a grain of dust."

The woman went off with alacrity, and finding that her predecessor had cleared the way, spent the whole morning in roaming about the house and gaping out of the window. Meantime the old gentleman gave it as his opinion that the woman told a falsehood, for such a circumstance as a person being without a name was unknown. Lewis said she had no doubt seen Mrs. Sally Peters, and that it was a concerted thing.

"I shall go up and inquire about it, stay, I will put on these moccasins and give the old creature a fright; if you come up with me, my lad, you must pull off your shoes." Lewis was as eager for fun as Mr. Melville, so he pulled off his shoes, and up they both went very slowly, and so gently, that if the woman had been in the middle of the room with her face to the door she could not have heard them.

Mr. Melville pointed to the middle window of the second story, and there quite at her ease, lolling out of the window, she stood looking at the people in the street. The old gentleman crept softly across the room, moving more quickly when a cart came rumbling by, and when near enough, he hit her a good hard slap. Of course she shrieked with pain and fright, and on turning there stood Mr. Melville and Lewis convulsed with laughter.

"You are a coward," said she at length, "if I had been a man you would not have struck me."

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Lewis Melville had made a large fortune in the East Indies, when competitors were few, and at the age of fifty or thereabout, he could give up his agency entirely, he was quite rich enough to return to his own country. Before his return he got a friend, Dr. Penrose, to purchase a suitable house for him in a pleasant part of the town. Two large, well built handsome houses were for sale, and they could both be purchased for the same price that he was allowed for one, so the Doctor thought it best to close with the offer.

Mr. Melville returned and brought with him ten small iron bound boxes all of which he placed on the floor in an upper room, until he had them opened and the gold that they contained recounted preparatory to putting them in the bank. He was delighted with the houses and was glad that the Doctor had reserved the one for him, as it likes the open space at the side, which opened in the narrow street at the opposite corner of which Mr. Grove lived.

But perfect as the house was, there was still something to be done, and a carpenter was at work a whole month in altering one of the rooms in the third story, so as to fit it for the curiosities that Mr. Melville had brought with him. Day after day, long after the carpenter had finished, the Doctor urged his friend to send the gold to the bank, but nothing could rouse him to the exertion, he spent the time in dusting and clearing the various articles designed for his little museum, and until they were all in order he could think of nothing else.

These curiosities were all heaped up in the rooms of the bay building, and when they had been all over hailed and found perfect, he took up the most precious specimen himself and placed it in the niche designed for it. If the boxes of gold pieces had been in the place where he put them, he would have stumbled over them, but as they were not there, the exquisitely carved image received no damage. It was only on leaving the room that he turned round to look at the ten boxes, but they had disappeared.

Open went every door, closets and rooms, but there were no boxes to be seen, and Mr. Melville sat down on his chair breathless. He had not left the room, not even for a walk, since he entered it, and how the heavy boxes could have been carried off was a mystery. Dr. Penrose hastened to the house to learn what had occurred, as he was summoned so peremptorily, and his dismay and surprise was almost as great as his friend's, but what was to be done?

"I am a ruined man, Doctor, that is certain, fool that I was to amuse myself with these cursed gewgaws—if I had followed your advice this would not have happened."

"It is useless to look back," said the Doctor, "we must now go earnestly to work to find out the thief."

But this was easier said than done, for week after week past, and every means were taken to recover the money, but not a trace could be found. It was thought most prudent not to offer a reward publicly, but to go quietly and privately to work, that the plunderers might be off their guard. Ten thousand dollars was the reward offered, of course every sort of ingenuity was exercised to discover the treasure, but all was of no avail, and at the end of six months Mr. Melville was overwhelmed with the horrible truth that the fortune which it had cost him so much precious time and severer labor to acquire, had been snatched from him forever.

"I have to thank you, my dear friend," said he to Dr. Penrose, "that I am not quite a beggar. The rent of the house next door, and the interest of the overplus of money that you had of mine after paying for the houses, brings me in fifteen hundred dollars a year, and with this I must be content, but it is a hard case."

"Yes, it really is a hard case, and yet I do not despair of recovering at least a great part of the gold, it must be found sometime or other, such an immense number of gold pieces cannot be hidden for ever. Until some clue to it can be obtained had you not better take lodgings, you cannot be comfortable in this large house, unfurnished too, as it is."

"No, Doctor, I shall not stir a step, here I intend to remain, and here I shall see my friends, yes, you may smile, here in this room, you see I have brought my cot bed and mattrass down, that, and these three chairs and this old table are all the furniture that I intend to use. I have my three meals sent to me by Blake, and his men take care that I have napkins and silver forks. I hire a woman by the day to sweep and dust and wash windows, and the news boys bring me plenty of papers, so I am as comfortable as I can be under such a desperate loss."

He had lived in this odd way about ten months, when he first saw our young friend Lewis Grove. He had a great deal of idle time hanging heavily on his hands, and part of this he spent in watching the movements of the Grove family. He saw that there must be extreme poverty, but he could not tell whether Mr. Grove was really too ill to work, or merely indolent. The cheerful activity of the boy, and the beauty and grace of the little girl, with the patient industry and mild temper of Mrs. Grove had all become known to him, and he determined to make acquaintance with them as soon as a convenient time offered. But what could he do for them with such limited means, and after all, they might

to it, which was intended to have been of the same height, was left unfinished when one hundred and eighty-five [illegible]. The Cathedral was commenced in [illegible], at intervals, till 1579, since which [illegible]. If the other [illegible] it might rival any church in Europe in richness and brilliancy of appearance. The [illegible] is [illegible], and grand; but the effect is injured by the great [illegible] of small chapels and shrines. In one of [illegible] the remains of Prince Eugene of Savoy, [illegible] known in [illegible] every [illegible] child in Germany. There are still many very old and curious tombstones on the outside of the Cathedral, and an inscription near the summit of the tower marks the place where Count Stahremberg watched the movements of the Turkish army, under the Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha, who besieged Vienna in the year 1683. The entire length of the Cathedral is three hundred and forty feet. J. B. T.

The Old World.

FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

WILLIS'S LETTERS.

My Dear Morris—That remarkable curiosity, a pleasant day, came round at last, and I left London by a "fast train" for Paris, via Brighton. As we rolled out of the station-house at London Bridge I felt as if the sun should have been shaken hands with—if one but knew how—he was so welcome back and had been gone so long. The grass and my spirits took a brighter and tenderer hue. Really, you should come to a country where your shadow (like Undine's) strikes you as something new, to appreciate sunshine.

I was alone, in the last passenger car of the train—riding backwards, but not "with my back to the horses." On the contrary, I was in danger of having my brains kicked out by the horses *before* me. A pair of bays were boxed up in a freight-car hooked on close to my front windows, and thirty miles an hour proved not to be an agreeable pace to them. One pair of heels, after fifteen minutes incessant kicking, made a hole, about two feet square, in the end of their dark prison, and from that time the glittering shoes flew into the daylight every minute or two till we reached Brighton. As the horse-box was lined with tow-cloth and stuffed with straw, the new-made window had rather a combustible edging, and remembering the forty people burnt to death in the cars at Versailles, I watched the sparks in the dark tunnels with some interest. All alone, in a car opening only towards the fire, (that might be) I was as prettily situated, for roasting, as a Christmas turkey in a tin kitchen. The world would have had a loss if we had been burnt, for I found, on arriving, that Julia Grisi was on the other side of the partition behind me.

It blew a pretty little gale of wind when we arrived at our place of embarkation, and I saw at once that Grisi was on board, and that, whether her *contralto* was to be deepened or not, *I*, at least was ticketed for a sea-sick *roulade* across the channel. I will spare you the voyage on paper. In a single second I bring you to Dieppe. For Grisi and me it was a dolorous opera of eight uncommon hours.

Romance is a strange successor to sea-sickness, but the moon chose to poise her full orb in an angle of the church-tower as I went to my hotel—looking (the moon) as if she was resting her cheek upon the spread figures of a Catholic hand. The air was deliciously balmy, and the effect of the moonlight on the angular and heavy-browed buildings of the antique town, was of very unusual beauty. I strolled an hour in the narrow streets of Dieppe with my heart in the sky.

I was awaked in the morning by a knock at every door in the entry, mine among the rest, and a loud call for "Cesar!" A little rubbing of my eyes recalled to me that the great Roman was dead, and that I was in France, and was to be called with the other passengers bound to Paris at *six heures*. The diligence was to go at seven. All over the other wing of the hotel, by this time, resounded the knock and the *garçons* call—"*six heures!*" "*six heures!*"

But it was an hour's work to get baggage weighed and examined, and chin and passport made presentable for Paris; and when this was done, and I was ready for breakfast, (more ready from having given Neptune my dinner the day before,) the commissioner called me to take the "road to Rouen." I had secured no seat, and there was but one place left, though it turned out, weather and all, to be the best in the vehicle. I mounted, hungry, to the conducteur's cabriolet on the top, and there in the corner being eaten and drank, were a loaf of new bread and a bottle of wine, one in the left hand of Mr. George Vandenhoff and the other in his right. It was a very pleasant surprise to find a friend behind these nourishing components of a French breakfast. He, like me, had been hurried from his bed to the punctual conveyance, without coffee, but he had dropped into the shops by the way and laid in the substitutes of which he now offered me a share. The postillion cracked his noisy whip and we set off on our sunshiny ride into France,—one passenger, at least, much better prepared to admire the country from having bread and wine, and a friend to talk to.

It was a model day of summer. I don't know that I have had many pleasanter rides than from Dieppe to Rouen, on this this, Aug. 21st. Vandenhoff had been staying a few days at Dieppe, and we talked the place over. The Parisians and English make a sort of Rockaway of it in the warm months. The night before they had had what was advertised as a "Venetian Carnival"—a kind of ball by moonlight, on the hard sands of the beach, where the women were masked and the men not. This struck me as new and funny. They bathe altogether here and read the newspapers in public reading rooms and dine at *tables d'hote*, and, in short, try life in the gregarious form, as a contrast to the more exclusive habits of the capitals from which they come. The Duchesse de Berri used to have quite a little court at Dieppe, but, since she ceased coming here, it has grown promiscuous.

We were to reach Rouen in four hours, and go thence by the new railroad to Paris. I had several very positive pleasures in the views I caught of the glorious old cathedral I had visited, years ago, and in the strange jumble of old architecture and grotesque conveniences in the narrow streets of Rouen—but I know not how to convey these pleasures to you without details which would be tedious. We passed many a rose in the garden of life, of which we are compelled to enjoy the perfume alone. It is not sharing it, to say afterwards that we have passed a rose. Long descriptions are a bore, that is to say, and catalogues of one man's pleasures do not interest another.

But my manner of ride from Rouen to Paris, was something new. I supposed, of course, that we were to leave the cumbrous diligence and take to the rail-road cars. But, you know what a house on wheels a diligence is—as large altogether as a load of hay—and you can fancy the economy of embarking it bodily on a rail road. We drove under a machine at the station, by which our vehicle was hung in chains till the wheels were disengaged and drawn out from under us, we were then slid along, dropped upon a railroad car, and hitched on. From the high seat of the banquette, where we perched, we looked down upon the long train going before us and it was like riding in a barber's chair set upon the last joint of the tail of a flying anaconda. The entering a tunnel, particularly, was as pokerish a piece of work as any thing in a fairy story. To enter a mountain, riding *inside* a car, is, as far as the impression goes, merely changing a lighted carriage for a dark one. But to see a small hole in a mountain side two or three miles off, and go at it with the speed and inevitable certainty of an arrow, the monster you bestride diving in with his head belching smoke, and dragging you swiftly out of the daylight after him, is very near to a new sensation. I doubt whether (in any of the many future states of existence in which we are destined to do penitential metempsychosis,) I shall ever be gobbled up by a monster with a more realizing sense. Among other things, the hole looks too small until you are in, and you go at it like an egg at a boy's mouth pursed up for sucking. In, one side of a mountain, and out at the other, with so quick a stitch, too makes one as incredulous of the *resistance of matter* as a shoemaker's awl—doubtful whether any thing is too hard for the elbow behind us.

We arrived at Paris at four. The streets were gaily crowded, but a man with his home in the carpet bag at his heels, sees even the gayest scenes with unwilling eyes. The new doors of arrival open always with creaking hinges. I recovered my temper at six, dined, and made one more unnoticed promenader on the cosmopolite *pave* of the Boulevards.

Yours, faithfully, N. P. W.

My Dear Morris—To see no man's face in the street without moustache and segar (a light-house embedded in sea-weed, added, as an invariable feature) certainly alters the national physiognomy. Every man smokes in the street in Paris. And what is worse, (or better as you chance to think about it,) the ladies smoke very generally! I was sitting by the side of a lovely English woman, yesterday, on a morning call, when she suddenly threaded her fair fingers through the profusion of blonde curls upon her cheek, and said "I hope my hair is not disagreeable to you!" I looked amazement at the possibility, of course. "Because," she added, "I have been smoking all the morning, and it stays in one's hair so!" The ladies smoke small paper segars, made of very delicate tobacco. They scout the idea of ever giving the practice up, and are only astonished at having so long left this charming thought softener to male monopoly. It is perfectly *conversable*, by the way, to stop any stranger in the street, and take a light from him,* and this new amenity may be put down to the credit of the tobacco mania. Those who care to see bare lips and chins, had better be making the most of their time, for this portion of humanity is fast being lost to sight. I presume that a short residence in China would make one feel en dishabille with hair on his skull, and the few days that one passes in Paris make his chin feel uncomfortably smooth. Amid this universality of moustache one fears that his shaven face may remind people of Buffon's remark, that "the Americans are a race of men without beards." It has been quoted inquiringly to me.

I did not intend to write a line to you from Paris, as I stopped here but to boot and glove, and meant to make my first unpacking halt upon the Rhine. Though there is much that is new and amusing to the eye, there is little that is available for description in this often described quarry of pleasures, or at least, little that does not require more knowledge than is picked up on the *pave*. Walsh's most valuable letters to the Intelligencer, and Guillinden's to the "Courier des Etats Unis," at New York, made between them almost a "preserve" of Paris just now [illegible].

One brilliant notability of Paris, [illegible] mitted to mention, however, as one [illegible] peculiarly to America, [illegible]—the female equestrian [illegible]. This beautiful girl is a Centaur[illegible] ful a [illegible] on horseback, as the other on the stage. She is a [illegible] costume, of small, regular and calm features, and [illegible] the very attractive appearance of [illegible] above her vocation, [illegible] please for it. It is very admirable to see, however, (with the knowledge that they can be separated after the performance) how completely she replaces the [illegible] animal [illegible] by the one with the body of a quadruped, the bust of a woman, and the wings of an eagle. She gallops, flies and looks lovely, exceedingly in one. I understand that she is of irreproachable character, and supports her father and mother by her profession. She is also a good musician and artist.

The circus in the *Champs Elysees* where she appears, is just now the fashionable evening resort of Paris. The building itself is one of the most complete specimens of architecture I ever saw—the audience entirely surrounding the arena, like the sides of a cup—and the performances are great refinements upon the ordinary circus. Fifteen or twenty equerries, in a handsome uniform, are continually on service in the area, and about the ring, and instead of a vulgar exhibition, it has the air of a chivalric tourney. One of the best and most applauded of the performances, was a simple exhibition of a lady in a riding-habit on horseback, dressed, however, with complete elegance, and managing her steed with a finish and self-command that was a beautiful illustration of the perfection to which lady-equestrianism might be carried. The boldest and best male rider in this company, is an American, Mr. North.

I joined a party to see the fountains in festival play at Versailles, but though there was charm enough in the show, to draw ten thousand people out of Paris, there was scarce stuff for a paragraph of description. The fountains in the different parts of the gardens play in succession, and the last and largest outpouring is from a basin, the grounds around which are shaped amphitheatrically, and this is called the "*grandeaux*." In full play it looks like the bright columns of a roofless temple of water—forty or fifty tall shafts playing in parallel perpendicular. The ten thousand spectators, all tired of their long day's rambles, and stretched on the grass in gay-colored miscellany of sex and age, made a beautiful foreground to the picture. It was lovely sunshine, and the summer's day idlesse in the open air, was pleasure enough for me, though I had a charming company, and the show beside. I got back to Paris at midnight, and packed my traps for the next morning's start towards the Rhine.

Yours, faithfully, N. P. W.

* I have since seen a dandy cooly approach a party with a fresh cigar in his mouth, and draw a light from a lady's cigar *while she was smoking*. This was in a *café*, and she might have been no acquaintance; but one would like to know how much magnetism might pass over a bridge of tobacco, and whether it is fairly the custom of the country thus to take fire at a lady's lips without an introduction.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We earnestly request subscribers in arrears for the "Post" to remit the amount of their respective subscriptions. This may be done by mail, and small notes of solvent banks will be received in payment. The reduced rate of postage makes this once formidable item, a comparatively unimportant one, and if subscribers will forward us good money in payment for the "Post," we shall not complain, even should they fail to pay the postage on their letters.

We would add that extensive arrangements have been made for sustaining the interest and value of the Evening Post, as a family journal, and that those who desire a useful and agreeable fire-side companion, cannot do better than to send on their names as subscribers. Every person wishing to do so, can enclose his subscription money in a letter, to our address, and where clubs are formed, one of their number can send the money with the necessary directions, in the same manner. Although Post Masters are deprived of the franking privilege, we do not doubt their general willingness to oblige their neighbors and friends, by enclosing money for the Post, when requested to do so—the postage, of course, to be paid either by us or by the parties at whose request it is enclosed.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Little of striking novelty or interest offers itself for consideration this week. The world wags on as usual—with its ordinary developements of crime, and histories of misfortune—it's ill winds which are good to some, and its pleasant breezes which bear misfortune to others. Man is the same bundle of paradoxes that he always seemed, kind and unkind, good and bad, resolute and yielding—just as circumstances sway or the humor takes him; and the newspapers, his ink and paper pictures, look and read very much this week as they did last.

What a hurly burly wilderness is the world, as one sees it from his quiet attic window. Mortals are helter-skeltering up and down, each intent in his own purpose, as if there was nobody else in the world, each pulling and hauling, as though creation had been called into existence to enable him to turn a penny on a bale of sheep-skins, or other commodity. The sun rises to each only to give him chance to grab out this mighty destiny of the mighty dollar, and sets only, that like Victorine he may "sleep on it."

So we bustle on, industrious as the ant, and more ridiculous, because we strain to add superfluities to necessaries, and add the owl-like look of wisdom to our busy idleness. Perhaps, while it is the most laughable trait in his nature, man's self-complacency is his best companion. Without suspecting how ridiculous he may seem, even to his equally absurd neighbors, each husbands and cultivates his own hobby, with gravest perseverance; and only pauses to wonder that tweedle-dum should consider tweedle-dee of no moment.

Occasionally there happens something in which is found unity of purpose for large masses. Such a something we have just had in the local elections. Tuesday, the day on which they took place, and the days subsequent, during which they were talked over, furnished little else. The Bazaar, which was the town-talk the day before, faded into nothing—but as its business had been done, and to good purpose, the eclipse by the elections was of the less consequence. A very handsome sum was realized by the speculation, which will, with the subscriptions, give the Academy a very good start in its Phoenix uprising.

Certain fire-rioters in our city, and rent-rioters elsewhere, have been very severely, though justly dealt with by the courts. For the innocent friends of the guilty parties we have the deepest feelings of commiseration. Their anguish at the disgrace which has fallen upon their kin must be acute indeed. But the well being of society, and the preservation of the public peace and order—the inviolability of the laws, and the security of life and peace must be maintained, though unfortunate circumstances and relationships throw the burden on those who are innocent.

Social and blood connexions, friendships and other intimate ties, are amid the bonds of peace of civilization. Many a man, reckless as he may be so far as his mere individual self and person is concerned, is deterred from vice or folly by the reflection that its consequences must fall heavily upon his connexions. Thus, hard as it may seem, the sufferings of the innocent, in cases like those to which we have referred, are among the best and most effective means which keep society in order.

The gay world is preparing we hear, for a brilliant campaign this winter. Among the rejuvenated antiques, which will be quoted as novelties, we hear the stately and mincing minuet talked of. Shades of our grandmothers! What were such a dance without hoops! Ghosts of our grandfathers, what can be done in a minuet in pantaloons? Or are we with the dance to have also the costume of the last century?

WANDERING OXEN.

Some time since we published an account of a stray ox, found on the Texan prairie, illustrative of the fact that cattle once domesticated, cannot forget the master's crib. The Maine Farmer has an account of a more extended instance of the same thing. About two years ago forty or fifty oxen were "turned out" near Moose Head Lake, Maine, but could not be found until recently, though diligent search was made for them last spring. They were accidentally discovered near Mt. Katahdin, and were in first rate order, although they had not a lock of hay all winter. Thus they roamed over thousands and thousands of acres, eating nothing but brows and brakes. When discovered, they appeared to be as pleased as a child after a long absence from its mother, and ran up to and around the man so as almost to endanger his life. When found they were yarded like moose, and probably they yarded every night during the past winter, or kept together, as no other yard like a moose yard was observable for miles around.

THANKSGIVING.

The first Thanksgiving gun from Yankeedom has this year been fired from the council chamber of the State of Maine, the Governor of that Commonwealth having appointed Thursday, the 4th day of December next, as the annual day of Thanksgiving and Praise. The other States in New England will soon follow the example, and we shall have the official [illegible] of the day in each State, [illegible] the best dinner [illegible] upon. It is said that many Yankees, particularly those who have family connexions all along shore, are not at all obliged to their governors when they pitch upon the same day with each other. A "Thanksgiving tour," eating with this cousin this week, with that the next, with another on the third, and with perhaps still another on the fourth, is pronounced by all lovers of old fashioned Yankee fare one of the tallest journeys that can be undertaken.

A regular Thanksgiving dinner, "all of the olden time," is a repast to which all epicures and gourmands may sit down with comfort, and rise up from with repletion. Its elements combine delicacies for the fastidious, and food for the carnivorous with abundance for those who prefer solo vegetable diet, "heaps" for the lovers of fruit, and acres of dough, in all states of combination for the eaters of pastry. In short it is a sort of specimen performance of all the good wife can do, and of all that the farm and the grocer can furnish. Rare feasts are thanksgiving dinners; and if they were held weekly instead of annually, Yankees would, in the nature and necessity of things—as surely as obesity follows good eating—not leave the shadow of justice in the caricatures of Yankeedom as a thin and eager race—a nation of Cassios—"lean and hungry men."

But the most delightful part of the Thanksgiving festival is its muster of all the living members of the family—all who can possibly attend, sometimes even to the third generation, at the parental board. Family ties are anew cemented—family concerns are busily talked over, the interests of all the stock become identical, and the full force of the words of the Psalmist upon the sweetness and pleasantness of the dwelling of brethren together in unity is fully felt and appreciated. The eyes of the aged parents kindle anew with the innocent light and unsuspecting pleasure of youth; and the stout-fisted man and stout-hearted and experience-taught woman become children again, and look up to the first and dearest friends of their youth, with love, reverence and obedience.

Amid all this holy joy there may be—and there often is, a silent tear nay perhaps,—odd but natural accompaniment of a festival—a fit of weeping. Man who walketh in a vain shadow, cannot count upon continuance therein from one hour, much less from one year to another. The first thought that comes up, when met about the board, is of the absent—particularly of those who, on the preceding festival were present at the meeting, or tidings from whom supplied the place of personal attendance—but who now, in the inscrutable decrees of Providence have preceded the living to the house appointed for us all.

Nor is this memory all sorrow, or without its holier joys. The pleasant memories of the departed are dwelt upon and talked over, until the living converse of the dead, with a placid smile, instead of pensive grief—and it may be that the very quips and jokes with which those no more moved their friends to innocent mirth, come up and do posthumous work in waking the mind to cheerfulness—aye, and even the muscles to laughter!

What a mystery is man! While the party thus speak of the dead, all the pageantry of wo—all the circumstances of sorrow—all the *grief* of parting—all the incidents of bereavement fade out of memory's picture, as *if*, with the lamp of affection upon the past, all its gloom were dispelled; and then, for an instant—but an instant—would to Heaven it might be longer!—the phantom of a thought, the obscurest hint of an intention comes into the mind of the survivor—"*I will tell her how she was remembered*,"—"*I will write her all about it!*"—as if her's indeed, were not now,

The dull cold ear of death—

—As if her eyes were not closed in the sleep which on earth shall know no waking!

But an instant! Like the flitting of a shadow the phantom is gone ere we can grasp it, and fades into nothing as we strive to define the thought and shape the intention. The chill reality comes back with the distinct and palpable semblance of the bier and the coffin, and knell-like we hear in our heart as it chills with the picture, the damp fall of the clod. But blessed be God there are other sounds and memories in the association: "I am the Resurrection and Life." "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

THE DAVENPORT MURDERERS.

Few of our readers can have forgotten the circumstances of the Davenport murder, in Illinois. Col. D. was almost the first settler in his section of the country. He was an officer in the U. S. Army, and in actual service in the last war. At the time of his death he was aged about 65, and a gentleman of great wealth and high respectability. He had a beautiful and romantic situation on the Island of Rock Island, where he resided. About two o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th of July, while he was entirely alone on the island and in his house (his family all being absent attending a celebration,) he was attacked by this band of fiends and inhumanly robbed and murdered. They took from him about six hundred dollars in cash, his gold watch and chain and some other matters.

The persons against whom the strongest presumptions of guilt rest, have been arrested. They are five in number and their names are Wm. E. Birch, (on whom were found the chain and seal of deceased,) John Fox, John Long, Aaron Long and John Baxter. They are all young men, the oldest of them only twenty-eight, but they are old in crime. Fox was arrested in Wayne county, Indiana, but escaped, and, it is said, has been retaken. Birch and John Long were arrested at Lower Sandusky, Ohio, and taken to Rock Island, where they arrived last Saturday night. They were taken by a Mr. Benney, of Iowa, who had been on their trail for months. Aaron Long was arrested in this county, about six miles from this place, on Sunday last, and Baxter was arrested at the house of a notorious personage about twelve miles from Madison, Wisconsin, on Tuesday night last. These two last named were taken by Dr. Gregg, of Rock Island, Illinois. Their trial has ere this commenced in the Rock Island County Court.

QUITE A TREASURE.

The Baltimore Patriot contains an account of quite a literary treasure. A woman named Suitzer, or Klutz, who had been residing at the Exchange Hotel, was arrested, charged with participation in a recent robbery. Her husband, or the man who passed himself as such, made his escape, and has not yet been taken. But something else has been stumbled upon, which may prove quite a useful affair before it is done with.

A trunk, known to be in charge of the man (a Frenchman) who accompanied her, has been seized. When opened, it was found to contain nearly a bushel of letters, running back in dates for several years. These letters are mostly written in French—some, however, are in Hebrew, Spanish, Italian, German and other languages. They proved, on partial examination, to be correspondence with celebrated thieves in all the principal cities of Europe and America, giving detailed accounts of extensive robberies, the best modes of eluding detection, &c.—Some of them, it is said, mention the fact of a large robbery having been perpetrated in Paris, some years ago, and also narrate the manner in which papers containing accounts of it, sent to New York, to be published in the French paper there, had been suppressed by the parties concerned. In the trunk, which the woman under arrest would not claim, and denied all knowledge of its ownership, was also found $1,000 in American gold, besides a miniature likeness of Cardinal Richelieu, set in gold, and a handsomely constructed seal stamp of "raw head and bloody bones." The money has been deposited in bank, and the letters given to the French Consul in this city, for his inspection. When perused, we doubt not they will give some astounding intelligence, and probably divulge the secrets of one of the most extensive band of robbers ever heard of. Farther developements will be made after the letters are read and translated.

BAPTISTS.

From the Baptist Register, for 1845, it appears that the denomination now number in the United States 5,373 ministers, 9,232 churches, and 707,942 members. They have 12 chartered colleges and five theological seminaries. They publish fifteen weekly, five semi-monthly, and five monthly religious newspapers, six monthly magazines, and one Quarterly Review. The receipts of their principal benevolent institutions for the preceding year were, for the General Convention for Foreign Missions, $74,408; for the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, about $50,000, and for the American and Foreign Bible Society, $20,577.

AN INDIAN KING.

By recent advices from the Sandwich Islands we have a King's speech which is as well worth preserving as those from the European side of the water. The Legislative Councils of the Sandwich Islands, consisting of a House of Nobles and a House of Representatives, convened for the first time on the 20th of May. The King was dressed in a new military coat, and the Queen in a figured straw colored silk dress, bonnet of the same color, with white ostrich feathers. [illegible] announced his Majesty's entrance into the Legislative Hall by a national salute [illegible]. The foreign vessels of war responded with the same number of guns. When their Majesties had ascended the throne, the Rev. Mr. Richards, American missionary, addressed the Throne of Grace, after which the King ordered his assembly to be seated, and then read his speech, from which we make a few extracts:

"Nobles and Representatives of the People: We have called you together to deliberate on matters connected with the good of our kingdom. In the exercise of our prerogatives we have appointed Gerrit P. Judd, Esq., to be our Minister for the Interior Affairs of our kingdom; Robert C. Wyllie, Esq., to be our Minister for Foreign Relation; and John Ricord, Esq., to be our law adviser in all matters relating to the administration of justice. We have ordered our ministers to lay before you reports of their several departments.

The independence of our kingdom has been explicitly recognized by the United States, Great Britain, France and Belgium. From each of those powers we have received the most friendly assurances.

It is our wish to cultivate the relations of peace and friendship with all nations, and to treat the subjects of all with equal justice.

It is our desire that you take measures to ascertain whether the number of our people be diminishing or increasing, and that you devise means for augmenting the comforts and the happiness of the people of our Island.

The Almighty Ruler of nations has dealt kindly with us in our troubles, in restoring our kingdom, together with special guaranties for its existence as an independent nation. May He also aid you in your deliberations, and may He grant his special protection to us, to you and our people."

After the conclusion of the speech, Mr. Young, one of the nobles, offered resolutions of thanks to the Governments of Great Britain, France, Belgium and the United States, for recognizing the independence of the Islands, which passed unanimously.

Some other items of news are contained in the advices which may interest our readers. The American Mission have expended on the High School at Lahainaluna, from its commencement in 1831, to the present year, $68,600; whole number of pupils 244, of which 118 have become teachers, 44 have been employed by government, and 21 have died.

There are two packets now running between Oregon City and Honolulu. The voyage between the two places averages twenty-five to thirty days. The Polynesian newspaper advertises salted provisions, barley, oats, peas, beans, butter, &c., &c., from Oregon. The shingle trade is very brisk, an evidence that the Yankees are at work on the banks of the Columbia.

The American brig Elizabeth, Capt. King, of Salem, laden with arms and ammunition for the Fejee Islands, sailed from Tahiti in April, having been closely watched and guarded by the French while at the latter port.

The death of Capt. Forbes, of the schooner Will Watch, and two of his seamen, while attempting to land at Tahiti last Spring, is reported by our Consul at Lahaina. The schooner had been seized by the French for selling arms to the natives.

Queen Pomare still remained at Raietea, blockaded by French forces, and one of her chiefs who aided in the assassination of some Frenchmen, had been shot by the French authorities.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

The Annual Exhibition of the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, will be held at Thompson's Lamb Tavern, on the Lancaster turnpike, one mile west of either the Permanent or Wire Bridge, on *Wednesday, Thursday,* and *Friday* of next week. We borrow the following facts and comments from our neighbor of the Germantown Telegraph.

We hope to see a splendid turn-out on the occasion, not only in stock and implements, but in *produce*—a department in which our former Exhibitions have been sadly deficient. There never was a more abundant season for almost every production of the farm, than that which is now passing. Who ever saw finer crops of wheat, rye, corn and buckwheat. The oats, it is true, were but three-fourths of an average crop; the potatoes a full average, of an unusually excellent quality—the rot, in this section, having but very slightly affected the crop. The different root crops never indicated a more flattering yield; and indeed to speak in general terms, a more prolific season has never been witnessed. Why then, should not our coming Exhibition, present a large and handsome display of the productions of the farm, including vegetables and fruit? We trust that it will—we trust that every farmer having something worth exhibiting in this respect, will bring it forward, and thus add to the interest and usefulness of our agricultural displays.

The interesting spectacle of examining the Horses, will take place at 12 o'clock the first day (Wednesday.)

The Annual Address will be delivered by Dr. George M'Clellan, at 12 o'clock on the second day (Thursday.) After which the premiums will be announced from the stand.

The Ploughing Match will take place on the third day (Friday) commencing at 10 o'clock, and will no doubt be attended by a concourse of thousands.

The Society will dine together each day at 3 o'clock.

A number of distinguished guests, from various parts of the country, is expected to be present.

An able and indefatigable Committee is making every arrangement to give completeness, efficiency and character to the Exhibition, and we hope their laudable efforts will be generously seconded by the agricultural community.

HYDROPHOBIA.

The Reading, Pa. Journal gives an account of a death which occurred in that borough on Friday morning of last week, under circumstances most afflictive. About two months ago a lad of some seven or eight years of age, named Howard, son of Mr. William Yohn, of this borough, was bitten in the cheek by a dog supposed at the time to be rabid, and exhibiting all the symptoms of hydrophobia. A great sensation was created at the time, but the excitement was allayed by the publication of a card by one of the principal physicians, who gave it as his opinion that the dog was not rabid. The wound in the cheek of the boy was soon healed, and all fears or even thoughts of the circumstance were forgotten, until Wednesday evening, when the boy was taken ill, and very soon exhibited symptoms of this dreadful disease. Physicians were immediately called in, who at once pronounced the case one of hydrophobia, but were unable to afford relief. The poor little sufferer was visited with frequent fits or spasms on Thursday and Thursday night, during which he raved and writhed in all the agony of confirmed madness, tearing his clothes and bed clothes to tatters, and rendering it sometimes dangerous for persons to be in the same room. Friday morning his sufferings were terminated by his death. The sympathy excited in the community throughout this painful scene was intense. The house was surrounded day and night by crowds, and the owner of the dog and our Town Council, to whose criminal neglect this dreadful event is mainly attributed, have been and are still spoken of in the severest terms. We understand that several other individuals were bitten at the same time by the same dog, who are now undergoing a course of medical treatment, which, it is hoped and presumed, will preserve them from a similar fate.

AN EFFECTIVE SPEECH.

Of all the war speeches which have fallen under our notice, the following strikes us as decidedly one of the most cantankerous and overwhelming. Of course it was delivered at the West—*if anywhere*.

"Men of blood and friends of Washington and that old hoss General Jackson! I want your attention. Lightnin' has burst upon us, and Jupiter has poured the ile of his wrath down the greasy shanks of the Mexicans. Thunder has broke loose and slipped its cable, and the mighty valley of the Massasip reverberates the thousand tongued hissing of Santa Ana and the smaller *ignorant fatius*, that revolves around the benighted and wooden legged pop-gun of Montezumas.

"Citizens and sires of the bloody ground on which our fathers catawampously poured out their claret, free as ile, to enrich the soil over which we now hover, and watch with hyena eyes, let the catamount of the inner varmint loose, and prepare the cheesy-cat of vengeance, for the long-looked day has arriv! The crocodile of the Massasip has gone into his hole, and the sun that lit King David and his host across the Atlantic Ocean looks down upon the scene and drops a tear to its memory.

"But hosses, I am with you! And while the stars of Uncle Sam and stripes of his country triumphantly wave in the breeze—whar—whar is the craven, low-lived, chicken-bred, toad hoppin', red-mouthed mother's son of ye who will not raise the beacon-light of triumph—smouse the citadel of the aggressor, and press onward to liberty and glory? Whoop! H-u-r-r-a-h! What's the *insomy*?

CLEVER.

The following joke from the Pekin, (Ohio) Visitor is as clever a thing of the kind as we ever saw: "Coming home a few mornings since, we met a man attempting to walk on both sides of the street. By a skilful manœuvre we passed between him."

I. O. OF O. F.

We find it stated in the New York papers that an important change is to be made in the organization of Odd Fellowship. The admission of ladies to full and entire participation in the benevolent purposes of the Order of Odd Fellows, has engaged the attention of the members of that charitable institution, and the Golden Rule weekly newspaper contains an expression of opinion in favor of it. The highest organization of the Order, the Grand Lodge of the Union, at its session here last month, passed a resolution authorising subordinate lodges to ladies under stated limitations. We see no possible objection to this; and it may get Mrs. Caudle in better humor.

The following statistics may be interesting to many of our readers. By returns received at the late annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of the United States, it appears that the Lodges now in the Union, (exclusive of Illinois and Arkansas, from which no report was received) are 671; number of members, 60,964; number initiated during the year 22,280. Revenue of the lodges for the year, $440,-748 96.

The number of lodges in the State of New York is 161; members in connection 16,408; initiated during the year 5,350; revenue $193,850 18. The amount of relief granted during the year was $50,-358 12, of which $41,190 06 was for the relief of 2,649 sick members; $4,529 91 for the relief of widowed families, and $5,305 90 for burying the dead.

There are five lodges in union with the U. States Grand Lodge, located in Canada. They have 666 members, of whom 582 were initiated during the year. Their revenue for the year was $6,445 28, and their payments on account of relief $765 75.

APPLES.

We hardly, in our abundance, give apples—the best fruit that grows—their full value and consequence; but, properly taken care of, they are among the most profitable products of a farm. The New York papers give an account of an orchardist in that State, who makes good account of them. Robert L. Pell, Esq., of Pelham, Westchester county, N. Y., has an orchard of twenty thousand apple trees, all bearing Newtown Pippins. By trimming and the application of the best manures, he has brought the fruit to unusual size and excellence. The apples are picked and packet in barrels, without being rolled or jolted in carts, and so arrive in the very best order for shipment. Last year they were sold in London at twenty-one dollars per barrel, and the merchant to whom they were consigned, wrote that the nobility and other people of great wealth had actually bought them by retail at a guinea a dozen; which is some forty-five cents an apple. Mr. Pell has from three to four thousand barrels of the apples this year, which are sold as fast as they arrive in market, at six dollars a barrel, and are all shipped to England. It is quite a business for one of the New York commission merchants to dispose of the produce of this noble plantation.

ROUGH NEIGHBORS.

According to the Malone, N. Y., Republican, wild beast must be rather abundant in that vicinage—more abundant than agreeable. A wolf, measuring six feet from the end of his tail to the end of his nose, and weighing eighty-five pounds, was shot near that village a few days since, by S. P. Kimpton. The wolf was in the act of throttling one of Kimpton's sheep. The Palladium also informs us that Peter Archer, who resides a few miles from that village, had occasion a few nights since, to travel home at rather a late hour of the night. It being very dark, he took a lantern. A short distance from his place of residence, he was joined by a large bear, which appeared to be much pleased with the idea of having a light on the occasion. He travelled with Mr. Archer to his house, keeping all the way at rather an unpleasant nearness. Unlike the wolf he did not offer to molest Mr. A.'s person or property, although he was within a few feet of him for some distance.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Mr. Picket, our late Charge at Peru, says that agricultural works in South America are as scarce as bibles; and that the only one he ever saw there, was a work by Columella, printed several centuries ago, which the holder studied assiduously as a standard work. He estimates that there are 50,000 tons of guano in Peru.

Mr. Picket might have added—and perhaps he did—that every thing else, requiring ingenuity or the application of science, is as far behind the age in Peru, as agriculture. This estimate of the quantity of guano is under rather than over the amount; but the Peruvians understand the use of it, and have, from time immemorial.

SINGULAR FANATICISM.

The Montreal, Canada, Times says, that during the recent fire in that city, Mr. Taylor, the Lieutenant of the Hook and Ladder Company, on hearing that a man was in one of the sheds, rushed in, in company with one of the firemen, named Macintosh. They perceived a man standing in a corner with a Bible in his hand awaiting the progress of the flames. He is a son-in-law of a most respectable tradesman. It appears that he had run past the firemen into the house, and a moment later he must have perished, for the roof *fell in*.

A GOOD EXPLORER.

It is stated in the foreign journals that a Norwegian has proposed to discover the sources of the Nile alone and on foot. He is highly recommended by the Court of St. Petersburg, as eminently qualified for the undertaking; being able to accomplish a degree every twelve hours, and abstain three days from food. He takes only a map, compass and axe, climbs mountains, swims rivers, and turns neither to the right or left, trusting to his heels for deliverance from man and beast.

A QUESTION.

At the recent session of the Massachusetts Court of Common Pleas, at Worcester, several indictments for violations of the license law of that State were postponed, for the reason that the question of the constitutionality of the laws was pending before the Supreme Court of the United States. The decisions in other States as well as in Massachusetts are of course affected by the decision, whichever way it may turn, and the report will be waited for with much interest.

DUELLING.

We learn from the papers that two colored gentlemen in Pensacola, on the 20th ultimo, fought a duel about a colored lady. The affair, in such honorable hands was no mere child's play. Both of the gentlemen of color were badly wounded, and one of them died afterwards. There can be no disputing the fact that they thoroughly carried out the matter, to a most honorable termination.

GREAT ENTERPRISE.

The Hennepon, Ill., Herald mentions that a number of gentlemen are now engaged in surveying and examining the Illinois River, in order to report to the next Congress as to the practicability of constructing a ship canal so as to connect the lakes with the Gulf of Mexico. This is a measure of the highest importance not only to our Western country, but to the whole Union.

Local Intelligence.

LIBRARY HALL.

The new Hall of the Mercantile Library Association has been the theme of much praise in prose; and now we see the poets are at it. The following by Thomas G. Spear, which we cut from the United States Gazette, is equal, in skilful structure, to the building itself.

Model of chaste and finished Architecture!
Strong in the structure—classic in design—
Hence unto Commerce, Learning, Book and Lecture
Left dedicate, and favored by the Nine—
Hail to the snow white wall—the fluted column—
The lofty porch and rich Corinthian frieze—
The airy aspect, open as a volume,
Where Taste may read Art's beautiful degrees
Fresh from the trowel's ring—the chisel's polish—
The gloss of pencil, burnisher and brush,
With all the warmth of patient Genius flush,
As grace, and elegance, and strength combine
O'er the cold stone to breathe a charm benign—
So fair that Time looks on unwilling to demolish.

Type of the temples of the antique ages!
Traced out for these excelling modern days,
From that high Architecture which engages
The world's fond admiration and its praise,
There proudly stand, a place for manly greeting—
A private gift designed for public good—
With book and speech the grateful work completing,
Begun in youth of Knowledge understood,
There stand, to Manhood, Wisdom's treasures lending,
To point aright Ambition's bold career,
That it may feel its country's glory dear,
Nor pause, while Trade or Commerce guides the way,
Free minds and liberal manners to display—
From simple means to noble deeds and lofty aims ascending.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

On Tuesday next will be opened the annual exhibition of articles of American Manufacture, by the Franklin Institute. The officers are busily engaged in perfecting the arrangement; and it is asserted with confidence, by some of those competent to judge, that the exhibition will surpass, in interest, all that have preceded it.

FIRE RIOTERS.

Last week, on Friday, sentence was pronounced on the Fire Rioters, who had been convicted in the Court of Quarter Sessions. The prisoners, thirteen in number, viz: Archibald Cook, [illegible] Bennet, John Taylor, Seth Mead, Stephen Hymer, James Windeld, Henry Forsyth, Ferdinand Fricker, William Stainrook, Lafayette Stainrook, Edward Yeager, Peter Young, and Thomas M'Kenny—were ordered to stand up in their places in the dock, when his honor, Judge Parsons, read from a written paper for their benefit and for the benefit of all others [illegible], a severe but appropriate and good lecture. At the conclusion of the address his Honor proceeded to pronounce judgment as follows:—Cook, Bennet, Fricker and Taylor, $1 fine, two years' imprisonment and $500 surety. Hymer, Windeld and Mead, $1 fine, one year's imprisonment, and $300 surety. Forsyth, $1 fine, one year and nine months' imprisonment and $500 surety. M'Kenny, $1 fine, nine months' imprisonment and $500 surety. The two Stainrooks, $1 fine, eight months' imprisonment and $500 surety each. Yeager and Young, $1 fine each, five months' imprisonment and $300 surety.

The prisoners are all young men, yet in their minority, and a majority of them belong to respectable families. Cook, Bennet and Taylor are the Fairmount rioters; Windeld, Mead, Hymer, Forsyth, Fricker and M'Kenny, those convicted of the Arch street riot; and the Stainrooks, Yeager and Young, for running of the United States engine into the Humane. The whole thirteen go to the Moyamensing prison.

After the sentences had been passed the prisoners were appropriately addressed by Judge King, who sustained Judge Parsons and expressed his approval of the amount of punishment awarded. Judge Jones next expressed his approval, and thought the sentences if anything had not been severe enough. Judge Campbell also assented to the sentences.

THE ELECTION.

Tuesday last, the day on which the election was held for City and County officers, was a most delightful one. All parties were out, working with animation and vigor, though generally with good feeling. At any rate no disturbance worth noticing occurred during the day or evening.

The result, in general terms, is as follows:—The City and County Ticket—embracing the officers in the election of whom the City and County units, was carried by a Democratic majority of between six and seven hundred.

In the city the Whigs had a plurality of about 450 for their Mayor, and probably eleven hundred for their Common Council.

In Southwark for District Officers the Natives had about a thousand majority—in Spring Garden between two and three hundred—in Kensington about one hundred—in Passyunk a small majority. All the other districts and townships gave Democratic majorities.

In Delaware County the whole Whig ticket for County Officers was elected.

Odd Fellows Hall.—This building, on Sixth, corner of Haines Street, is pushed forward by the contractor with good speed. It is, by his terms we understand, to be roofed in by the first of December, and this will require pretty active labor. The plan, we are given to understand, is such an one as will combine ornamental purposes with utility.

The Athenæum.—Another elegant public building is to be added to those already in our city. Workmen have commenced excavating the place for the foundation of the new building to be erected by the Athenæum, at the corner of Sixth and Adelphi Streets.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Influence of Visits of Sovereigns—Relations of Courts—Rage for Travelling—Comparative Ease—Trade with China—Rev. Mr. Wolff—Church of England—Free Church of Scotland—The Drama—Theatrical and Personal Gossip—Railroad Mania—Great Fire—Government Income—Miscellaneous Items—Continental News—Guano—Dangerous Crimes, &c.

Bristol, England, September 18, 1845.

Well—the Queen has at length returned from her German tour and her visits to the family of Albert. But as you will have all the sayings and doings on the occasion published in the papers, with highly colored pictures and absurd exaggerations, it will not be necessary for me to dwell upon the matter, further than to state that in Europe, every year is more and more breaking down the prejudices that existed among nations, and which have led to so much misery and bloodshed. Nothing has more contributed to this, so far as Courts and Governments are concerned, than the visits of sovereigns to each other. Consider, the monarchs of France, Prussia, Russia, Saxony, Holland and Belgium, have recently been to England, and the Queen has returned the visits of several; while from all the advices we receive, the best feeling prevails between *all* the European Courts and Governments—Spain and Portugal not being much accounted in the list. Thus the visits of Sovereigns greatly accelerates the rapid international intercourse, produced by railroads and steam, in promoting peace on earth and good-will towards men—I mean so far as the European nations are concerned. And may it never be otherwise! Indeed, other influences are also at work, calculated to soften sectional and rooted prejudices, and among these may be prominently mentioned the great rage that exists for travelling and visiting other countries—no mighty wonder, by the way, for it is now as easy and as quick to go to Germany, Spain, Portugal or Italy, from London, as it was formerly to travel from the metropolis to Edinburg or Dublin, and far less inconvenient—while a trip to France is merely an excursion of a few hours—far into the interior of France and back in only a few days.

Our trade with China has of late inspired much attention, in consequence of its great and rapid increase, both in exports and imports. For example, the imports of British goods and products into China during the past year, amounted to £4,200,000; while the average for the previous six years, (deducting the period of the war) was only £2,250,000. So with the exports from China to England. Thus—in tea for the last six months, the quantity sent to England was 20,654,029 lbs.; while during the same six months of last year, it was only 17,071,-055 lbs.—same six months the year before, 15,213,-248 lbs. The exports from China to England of tea for the last five years stand thus:

	lbs.
1840,	32,252,658
1841,	36,675,667
1842,	37,355,911
1843,	40,304,467
1844,	41,366,987

So, the Rev. Dr. Wolff, the eminent missionary, has at length become stationary, and performs regular duty at the English Church in Mechlin. The Church of England never was progressing so rapidly as at this time. Within the last ten years, one hundred and seventy new churches have been built in the Diocese of Chester, and one hundred more are in progress. The Rev. Mr. Ward, of Oxford, has announced himself a convert to the Catholic Church, in a letter to the Oxford Herald. Quite a stir has been created among the Free Churches in Scotland, owing to a report having been circulated, to the effect that the Rev. Dr. Duncan had called the Duke of Buccleuch (the richest nobleman in North Britain,) "a godless tyrant," in one of his sermons at Canonby. The matter ended, however, by Dr. Duncan disclaiming the obnoxious words. The "Free Church of Scotland" occupies a position in which it is policy to gain the golden opinions of all kinds of men. Abuse therefore, of individuals, could not but injure her cause. Some there be, however, who think it probable that Dr. D. might have dropped some such expression in the zeal—perhaps in the fervor of that zeal. Violence is a dangerous and unchristianlike weapon at all times.

Theatricals are singularly dull. Drury Lane is to open in a few days with a strong operatic company. Forrest is at Liverpool, and Miss Cushman is about to visit Ireland. Charles Matthews and wife (late Vestris) talk of another trip to America. Pantomimes are all the rage at Vauxhall. Liszt and Donizetti are both seriously ill. An actress, named Mary Anne Bland, once celebrated, has been convicted at the Middlesex of picking pockets. Taglioni is dancing at Edinburg—she still thinks of going to the United States—and Braham is giving concerts in Liverpool. A kind of comic play called "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," is now a chief source of London laughter. The celebrated Grisi and a superior company of Italian singers are "touring it" through the provinces, and giving concerts with the most triumphant success. Giubelei is dangerously ill at Milan—he is an universal favorite. Phillips, the vocalist, is giving "American Musical Entertainments," which are happy in their allusions and [illegible]. In literature we have absolutely nothing new. Bulwer and Dickens are said to have something in the crucible. It is to be hoped that they will not be long in issuing their productions, [illegible]. Dr. Lever has taken the management of the Dublin University Magazine; and I am glad to see that a son of [illegible] has been appointed to a lucrative office on the Irish Railways.

Among the odd tricks of the day, I observe a new method of robbing bootmakers. A few days since a fashionably dressed man called at Mr. Colgeyd's shop, in London, and tried on a valuable pair of Wellingtons. While trying to lower his heel and stamping it against the floor, a fellow entered, snatched another pair and made off with them. Mr. C. was taken aback for a moment. Not so his customer who, exclaiming, "I'll catch him," followed the thief,—but he never returned. So Colgeyd became a loser of two pairs of boots by the *ruse*.

The railway mania is subsiding—and all kinds of fancy railway shares are falling in price. The following is a fair estimate.

Seventy-four always completed, cost	£163,106,220
Branches projected,	35,000,000
Seven hundred and seven new companies want to spend,	464,698,656
	£662,804,876

There is a new company forming in Manchester, with the object of erecting a "Royal Exchange," a Stock Exchange, a Music Hall, and other public edifices, which they intend to be the most extensive and handsomest of the kind in Europe. A dreadful conflagration in Aldermanbury, London, has destroyed several silk and linen warehouses, and property supposed to be worth nearly a million sterling. This is the largest fire that has occurred in London for many years. I am sorry to say that a portion of the town of Cromer has been swept away by the sea, which gains so rapidly on that coast, that the whole place will probably be destroyed.

Some Parliamentary returns just published, shew that the income of the Government has been increasing for several years past, while the annual expenditure has remained stationary. The manufacturers of Carlisle have voluntarily raised the wages of all their operatives—a capital sign of the times, this! Last year, six hundred and ten ships and other vessels belonging to Great Britain, are estimated to have been lost, with fourteen thousand lives, and property worth nearly £2,000,000. Great efforts are in progress to increase the Navy, both in steam and sails; seventeen new steam-frigates are already ordered. The prize money due to H. B. M.'s brig "Star," has just been paid, and quite a handsome sum was received by each man. She had been wonderfully successful in the capture of slavers on the African Coast. Several sailors from America, have been fined £100 each in London, for smuggling small quantities of tobacco. Therefore your Jack Tars must endeavor to avoid a commission of the offence.

On dit, that the Duc D'Aumale is to be Viceroy of Algiers. The European population of the colony is 76,900—besides 81,000 soldiers. Rather an unprofitable colony, methinks. Holland has refused to agree to the commercial terms of the Zoll Verein Treaty. Two attempts have been made to assassinate the King of Wurtemberg. Baron Skeskousels has obtained a verdict of 6,000 francs against some coach proprietors in Paris, for having upset him and injured his leg. The young Baroness Dietrich is worth one and a quarter millions of pounds sterling, which she is about to bestow with her hand, on the Duke de Bielitz! Gossips say that the Queen of Spain is sometimes beaten by her mother, Mrs. Munoz, when the latter gets into a passion. The deposits in the Savings Banks of Paris are diminishing rapidly, being drawn out to be invested in rail-roads, where they will soon disappear altogether. In Turkey, the Sultan is patronizing coal and iron mines, and cotton and woollen manufactories to a very great extent. France pays 15,000,000 of francs for coals to foreign countries, although she has plenty of coal mines of her own. A very sad want of enterprise this; and a singular omission, too, when we remember the energy of the French in silk, woollen, lace, wine, brandy and other manufactures.

Your agricultural readers should be acquainted with the fact that there is danger in the management of guano, and that much caution is required. The Medical Times (a high authority) states that Mr. J. H., a farmer, died after several days of extreme suffering, from vomiting and hemorrhage, &c., occasioned by his accidentally getting a small quantity of guano dust into his throat. Mrs. Ellen Tyrrell was murdered a few nights since, by forcible drowning in the Surrey Canal. At Bromley, on Monday, Mrs. Warren was murdered by her husband, who has been committed for trial. Captain Hill, commander of the Challenge, has been charged with the wilful murder of B. Johnson, one of his men, on the high seas, and has been found guilty of manslaughter. It is truly shocking to contemplate the frequent acts of tyranny and crime committed by "sea monsters" dressed in a little brief authority. A Mr. B., of Ormskirk, has actually shut himself up in his house, attended by one of his relations for *twelve long years*, in consequence of a disappointment in love; and he still persists in his queer resolution, although the lady who jilted him had married again, and has now been dead for several years. Another disappointment in love and marriage has occurred in Paris, and terminated fatally, Baron Maynard, a literary young man of fortune, having thrown himself from the top of one of the lofty towers of Notre Dame.

all restrictions on the import of Corn, into Belgium have been removed for a given period.

Bank of England.—The half-yearly meeting and ordinary general court of the bank proprietors took place on the [illegible]. After the payment of the dividend (less the income tax, which amounted to £[illegible]) there would be a surplus of £[illegible] 11s. 4d., to be carried to the rest account, which would raise the total amount of the rest to £[illegible] 11s. 4d. After some conversation, a resolution declaring a dividend of 3½ per cent, was carried unanimously, and the meeting separated.

The Missing Packet Ship England.—Great interest has been excited in England, since the departure of the Cambria, in consequence of a bottle having been picked up, on the 16th of September, at sea, four miles southeast of Douglass Head, by the fishing smack Kite, Capt. Morrison, containing a piece of paper, on which was written, in pencil, an intimation that the vessel was then in lat. 46 10, long. 06 7; that she had lost her quarter boats; that there was 10 feet water in her hold, and no vessel in sight.

The continental news of the week is without much interest. The King of Saxony has opened the Diet in a speech which reflect his anxiety respecting the recent occurrences connected with the religious movement. The Prussian government views the Abbe Rouge with the same suspicion as before, and he was prevented from sleeping in Manheim when he passed through it. The Queen and the Queen-Mother have arrived at Madrid, and although the capital is quiet, fears of an outbreak existed. Switzerland is like a smothered volcano—an explosion may be looked for.

Both Upper and Lower Hungary have been completely laid waste by dreadful inundations, at the beginning of the month of August. Upwards of a million of the inhabitants are threatened with all the horrors of famine in consequence of this dreadful misfortune.

Letters from Batavia, received in Holland, state that a treaty of commerce has been concluded between England and Siam, by which this country has secured great and exclusive privileges. The population of Siam amounts to at least three millions.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT BRITAIN.

EIGHT DAYS LATER.

On Monday morning the steamer Great Britain was seen sixty miles out of her course, inside of Nantucket Shoals, and within two miles of the shore, south of Long Light Point. She had a signal of distress flying, was firing guns, and it appeared evident, from her movements, that her commander did not know where he was. The steamer Massachusetts fired up immediately, and started to her assistance, but before she could communicate with her, the G. B. hauled down her signal of distress, about 9 o'clock, A. M., and stood out boldly between the shoals, under steam and sails, having obtained a pilot, it is presumed, from Siasconset. Her foremast was gone, but the other five masts were standing.

She put into Holmes' Hole at one o'clock. She left Liverpool on the 27th ult., had experienced very heavy gales of wind, for the last ten days, and had run short of coal. The schooner David Coffin, of New Bedford, happened to be at Holmes' Hole, from Philadelphia, with a cargo of coal, and supplied her.

The Great Britain has 105 passengers, among whom is Leopold de Meyer, the distinguished pianist.

The cotton market had been dull throughout the week, with the slightest perceptible decline in its prices. The quotations can scarcely be said to have changed, but there had been more inclination to meet buyers, and the common and middling descriptions were freely offered. The declared prices for the week, by the Committee of Brokers, for fair cotton, was, Upland, 4⅞d.; Mobile, 5⅛d.; Orleans, 5¼d.

The produce markets continued active. For rice, there was much inquiry, at greatly improved prices. The stock was getting low, in consequence of the large demand for export.

The iron trade continued brisk, owing to the requirements of the new undertakings, and railway bars were consequently much sought after. From the same cause, boiler plates, used to the construction of iron shipping, were improving in value. Pig iron was also selling at good prices, and the make of the metal was greater at present than it was ever known.

The reports received from the northern parts of Great Britain speak in a very desponding tone of the probable effects of the extremely wet and boisterous weather experienced during the week on that portion of the crops still outstanding. That injury to an extent difficult to be remedied at this advanced period of the year has been done, is greatly to be feared; and, unless we have an immediate return of dry weather, the consequence may be serious. Even if the northern harvest had been got in well, the yield of Wheat could scarcely have been expected to prove an average; and, under existing circumstances, the deficiency in quality, if not in quantity, is likely to be much greater than was previously calculated on.

Not only is the crop short in England, but the harvest has been defective over the greater part of continental Europe. In Holland and Belgium the fact is so well ascertained that the Government of the former country has deemed it prudent to reduce the duties on Grain, to the minimum point; whilst

General News.

THE LEXINGTON TROUBLE.

In Municipal Court at Lexington a verdict of "not guilty of riot," has been returned in the case of the parties indicted for removing Mr. Clay's press.

☞ By the Ninth Annual Report of the Vermont Asylum for the Insane, which is just published, the Institution appears to be in a prosperous condition. The buildings have been enlarged this season by the increase of about eighty additional rooms, affording greater accommodations, and improving the means of classification. Three hundred and sixty-two patients have enjoyed its advantages the past year, ninety-nine have been discharged, and two hundred and sixty-three now remain. Of those discharged, fifty-nine have recovered. The terms are fixed at two dollars per week for the first six months and one dollar and fifty cents per week afterwards. Patients from other States are received on the same terms as those from Vermont.

☞ The town of Rome, in Western New York containing a population of over 5,000, has been built up by factories for making paddles and oars from the ash, thousands of which are shipped to almost every vessel for England, France, Germany, Prussia, Sweden, Russia and throughout all the East. The junks of the Chinese are now all managed, says an exchange paper, by American oars, and the small boats of all Europe and Asia are now propelled by the enterprise of the people of this village.

☞ A practical and scientific gentleman offers for $30,000, to sink an Artesian Well in Boston to the depth of seventeen hundred feet, by which it is estimated that more than a million of gallons of the very best water can be thrown into the city every day, and to a height of at least one hundred feet above the surface of the earth. An effort is about to be made to raise the money by subscription.

☞ The Milwaukie Sentinel says, that a gentleman who drove into town on Friday week, by the Muskego road, met between Milwaukie and Vernon—twenty-five miles—one hundred and seventy-eight wagons, loaded with merchandise or emigrants and their baggage, and passed fifty-five more drawing wheat, coming, of course, towards Milwaukie.

☞ The freshet near Bordentown has flooded the lowlands, and started all the birds in that neighborhood. On Monday, about 1,500 rail, teal, and meadow hens were killed by the sportsmen in that vicinity. The river at Trenton has fallen fifteen inches. This has been the highest rise that has ever occurred at this season of the year.

☞ The trial of Orrin Woodford, for the murder of his wife on the afternoon of the 22d of July last in Avon, Conn., is concluded. The defence was insanity. The Jury returned with the announcement that they could not agree. The papers were taken back, and the prisoner will be tried again at the January term of the Superior Court.

☞ The Commissioners named in the act of Assembly to purchase a site for the State Lunatic Asylum, have been at the seat of government for some days past, making examinations for the purchase of a proper tract of land whereon to locate said building. They have made their selection, and left the President to make the purchase.

☞ It is stated that Capt. Kinsee, of Philadelphia, has discovered that the River Amazon is navigable for steamships from its mouth on the Atlantic, to Lima, in Peru, and within eight miles of Callao, one of the principal ports on the Pacific. A full account of his expedition is given in the Grenada Chronicle of September 6th.

☞ In Italy there is one insane man to 4,879; in France, one to 1,000; Wales, one to $800; England, one to 862; Scotland, one to 574; Russia, one to 666; United States, one to 500. Among the Chinese, insanity is a thing almost unknown, a gentleman travelling there only heard of one case.

☞ A brick building, three stories high, 454 feet long, is now going up at Thompsonville, Ct., for the purpose of accommodating the newly invented knitting machinery, by which each girl employed, can knit sixty yards a day. There will be no need of bare-legged beauties after this.

☞ The Vermont Legislature met on the 9th inst. Wm. Slade was chosen Governor in convention, by 132 votes to 75 for Daniel Kellogg, and 14 for W. R. Shafter. The Whig candidates for Lieutenant Governor and Treasurer received 130 votes each.

☞ The Boston Mail says —Several vessels from this port have carried cargoes of ice to Philadelphia and brought back cargoes of coal. We understand now what is meant by reciprocity of trade. We cool the Philadelphians in summer, and they warm us in winter.

☞ The receipts of the Post Office at Concord, N. H., for the first quarter (just closed) under the cheap postage, is $742; the previous quarter (under high postage) $827; falling off only $85, or 11 per cent. A year will bring it up to the old standard.

☞ The Allegheny Methodist Conference lately required "that no minister shall be admitted into this conference who uses tobacco in any of its forms except as a medicine, and in that case satisfactory evidence shall be given."

☞ On Monday week the town elections took place in Connecticut. More than three-fourths of the towns in the State have voted not to license the sale of intoxicating liquors.

☞ A chemical process, it is said, has been discovered by a gentleman in the South, by which he will be enabled to make molasses and sugar perfectly transparent.

☞ Platt Evans, a fashionable tailor of Cincinnati, Ohio, was robbed one night last week, of $1,000 worth of silver ware, etc., from his country residence.

☞ The Protestant Episcopal Church in Mount Holly was entered on Wednesday evening the first inst., and robbed of sixteen yards of carpeting.

☞ The quantity of corn received at Boston during the year ending on the first of September, 1845, was 2,687,955 bushels.

☞ The Long Island Railroad has reduced the running time between Boston and New York to about 7½ hours.

☞ The cotton crop in Texas, it is said, will be very heavy, but the corn light, in consequence of the drought.

☞ A meeting in favor of locating a National Foundry at Reading, Pa., was held there on Saturday last.

☞ The Governor of New Hampshire has appointed the 27th of November for thanksgiving.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance.
Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.
Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.
Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.
Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.
Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.
Removals must always state the Post Office removed from as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent* and *E. Y. Jennings*.
JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.
JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our agents in Kentucky.
Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.
ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, B. B. Hussey, J. Benton Jones, and John Collins.*
THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID
TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, is not authorised to frank said letter, but he may frank the letter containing the acknowledgment of the deposit of money, to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.
Received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.
To the Post Master at Philadelphia.
SIR—I have this day received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

DENTON'S DESCRIPTION OF NEW YORK. *New York: William Gowans. Philadelphia: John Pennington.* This is a reprint of an exceedingly rare and curious book, published originally in London, in 1670. There were but two copies known to be in this country, previous to last March, when a pamphlet edition was issued by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, printed from a transcript made from the copy in the British Museum, and presented to the Society by Mr. Pennington. It is a little singular that in mentioning the *only* copies which were to be found in this country, the editor of the New York edition should have overlooked the whole edition of Penn. Historical Society—particularly as he did not overlook the preface, but has borrowed every fact, and almost every word in it, for incorporation in his own introduction. A little more candor and literary honesty would have better pleased us. Still the edition before us is a beautiful one, and is copiously furnished with illustrative extracts and notes by the editor, Gabriel Furman, Esq. We are glad to find that Denton is but the first of a series which Mr. Gowans intends to publish; and we hope he may find liberality and *amor patriæ* enough in the land to remunerate him in an undertaking so tastefully commenced. It is due to our predecessors—and a greater debt still to our posterity—that we collect, preserve, and perpetuate these ancient memories of events, places, and persons.

NARRATIVE OF A MISSION TO BOKHARA, IN THE YEARS 1843–1845, TO ASCERTAIN THE FATE OF COLONEL STODDART AND CAPTAIN CONOLLY. *By the Rev. Joseph Wolf, D. D., LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* This is a stout octavo—filled with matter characteristic of the remarkable man who is the writer. The peculiarity of his character would provoke extraordinary adventures any where; and among the wild and singular nations and tribes which he visited, it will readily be perceived that he found sufficient gratification for the most extravagant love of adventure. There is a great deal of matter well worth weighing and remembering intermixed with the eccentricities of this narrative; and in interest, it is equal, if not superior to any book of travels which has recently appeared. The character of the man—who has been heard of, we were about to say, by every nation under the sun—will secure for his journal an eager reception by the lovers of the romantic and adventurous.

MEMOIRS OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE THE THIRD *By Horace Walpole. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. Vol. II.* The first volume of this work was published some time since, and was duly noticed by the Press upon its first appearance. As a key to the history of that period, furnishing facts and circumstances which we may look for in vain in other places, the correspondence and Memoirs by Horace Walpole have a high value. It is true that they strip kings, courts and ministers of not a little of their tinsel, the common sense, sarcasm and gossiping freedom of the writer giving us the rear and less imposing view of men and things. Walpole is a *witness* in historical matters, whose evidence requires sifting, and not a little cross examination—but as we have said before, his evidence is important. All readers know him for one of the most agreeable authors in the whole history of letters.

THE EXPECTANT. *By Ellen Pickering. Ferrett & Co.* The popularity of the works of Miss Pickering would be astonishing, only that it is easily accounted for, by the deeply interesting character of her stories. Natural, unpretending in style, and absorbing in interest, they make whoever may read one desirous to get hold of the next.

THE ROSETTE. *Boston: William Pierce. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.* This is a modest and pretty little book, just fit for its purpose to do good to the little folks. Its matter is appropriate, and altogether it is an excellent little affair, neatly embellished and handsomely bound.

THE DIADEM. We have before us Carey & Hart's magnificent quarto annual for the coming holidays, but have not room to say more of it to-day than that it is embellished with ten engravings, six of which are from original pictures by Leutz, Inman, and Miers.

PRACTICAL MEDICINE. *Harper & Brothers'* edition of Copland's Medical Dictionary, with Dr. Lee's Notes and additions, has reached its eleventh number, which may be had of *Zieber & Co.*, and of *Lindsay & Blakiston.*

HARPERS' FAMILY BIBLE. No. 40 of this popular and justly esteemed work has been issued, and may be obtained of *Zieber & Co.*, of *T. B. Peterson*, and of *Lindsay & Blakiston.*

CHEAP NOVELS. *Mansfield Park*, by *James Austen*, and *The Only Daughter*, by the author of the Subaltern, have been published in a cheap form by *Carey & Hart.*

Personal News.

☞ The oldest man in France has recently received the decoration of the legion of honor, *as doyen*, or oldest man in the ranks of the army. He is a Pole, named Kolembeski; he came to France with Stanislaus, King of Poland, was in the body guard of that prince until 1766, when he entered the French service. He is 101 years old, and has passed 79 years in the ranks, during which time he has served in twenty-nine campaigns. He has been engaged in action in America, Spain, Italy, Germany, Portugal, Russia and France, and now does duty, hale and hearty, as a sergeant in the company of veterans, who are a guard of honor at the palace of the Luxembourg.

☞ Wm. Penn lately died in London, aged 70: he was a great-grandson of the celebrated Wm. Penn, the founder of the Province of Pennsylvania.

☞ The Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen has nearly recovered from his late serious illness, in New York.

☞ Healy, the artist, is now at Marshfield, Mass., taking the portrait of the Honorable Daniel Webster.

A WORTHY PATRIARCH.

The London Athenæum thus announces the decease of a worthy Hebrew: From Prague, we hear of the death, at the age of 77, of the Hebrew merchant, Maurice Sedekaner—a man whose title to a record in pages like ours, consists, not in the princely fortune which was the work of his own honorable toil, but in the noble use which he made of it. Fifty years ago, M. Sedekaner came penniless to Prague; and he has left behind him seven millions of florins—£700,000. In his lifetime he devoted the larger part of his immense revenues to the encouragement of science, art and national industry—and to the relief of the indigent, without distinction of religion or race; and by his will, he has bequeathed three millions of florins—£300,000, among the benevolent institutions of all the principal cities of Bohemia. He was followed to the cemetery of his nation by men of all ranks and beliefs—the poor, of course—the civil and military authorities of the capital—all its distinguished men—and, it is very pleasant to add, many clergymen of the various Christian sects. Everywhere, the spirit is passing into dishonor, which would have once "spit upon the Jewish gaberdine," or trampled on the grave of a man like this.

☞ The Boston Sun says: "The actor, Booth, is seriously ill, and now under medical treatment. His services on the stage of life are drawing to a close, we fear, and he will soon finish his last scene."

☞ The Huntsville (Ala.) Advocate announces the death of David Moore, who, for twenty years represented that county (Madison) in the Alabama Legislature.

☞ The Hon. Samuel Painter, a much esteemed citizen of Delaware, died in Sussex county, in that State, on the 2d inst., in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

THE POTATO ROT.

Upon this subject so interesting to our agricultural readers, we publish the following extracts from late English papers. We can but remark in introduction, how much more terrible is the calamity to to the over done population of Europe than to us, as is evidenced in the efforts recommended by the correspondent of the Bristol paper to make a portion of the vegetable still available as food.

FROM THE GARDENER'S CHRONICLE.

A fatal malady has broken out among the potato crop. On all sides we hear of the destruction that has overtaken this valuable product, excepting in the North of England. In Belgium the fields are said to have been entirely desolated. There is hardly a sound sample in Covent-garden market. This disease consists in a gradual decay of the leaves and the stem, which became a putrid mass, and the tubers are affected by degrees in a similar way. The first obvious sign is the appearance on the edge of the leaf of black spot, which gradually spreads; then gangrene attacks the haulm, and in a few days the latter is decayed, emitting a peculiar and rather offensive odor. When it is severe, the tubers also decay; in other cases they are comparatively uninjured.

The cause of this calamity is, we think, traceable to the season. During all the first weeks of August the temperature has been cold—from two to three degrees below the average; we have had incessant rain and no sunshine. It is hardly possible to conceive that such a continuation of circumstances should have produced any other result, all things considered. The potato absorbs a very large quantity of water. Its whole construction is framed with a view to doing so; and its broad succulent leaves are provided to enable it to part with this water. But a low temperature is unfavorable to the motion of the fluids, or the action of the cells of the plant; and moreover, sunlight is required to enable the water sent into the leaves to be perspired. In feeble light the amount of perspiration from a plant is comparatively small; in bright sunshine it is copious; in fact the amount of perspiration is in exact proportion to the quantity of light that falls upon a leaf. At night, or in darkness, there is no appreciable action of this kind. During the present season all this important class of functions has been deranged. The potatoes have been compelled to absorb an unusual quantity of water, the lowness of temperature has prevented their digesting it, and the absence of sunlight has rendered it impossible for them to get rid of it by perspiration. Under these circumstances it is necessarily stagnated in their interior; and the inevitable result of that was rot, for a reason to be presently explained.

Although we first see the symptoms of the disease in the leaves and then in the haulm, we believe that it commences under ground, in the haulm which is just below the old set. These water collects the most, there the temperature is lowest, and there the old set itself, acting like a sponge, and itself decaying, feeds the live stem with semi-putrid matter.

The mischief, although very general, is not universal. It is, however, appearing in some of the gardens round London; and it has begun to attack a field near ourselves, on the London clay, which, as it offers what we think a good illustration of the way in which the potato crop is affected by such a season as this, we shall proceed to describe. The field is bounded on two sides by a deep ditch, newly cut, and on the others by a hard roadway. It was last year a pasture. During the autumn it was trenched three spit deep; but in such a way that the turf was turned down about a spit below the surface. It was planted partly in December, and partly in April. Here, on this cold soil, lying on a dead level, with scarcely any means of effectual drainage, the potato murrain might have been expected, and here it has made its appearance but not to any great extent. Symptoms are discoverable here and there; but only in one place has the haulm actually decayed. That place was a low part of the field, and had been made of road sand and similar rubbish, very retentive of water. Elsewhere the leaves are yellow, an invariable symptom of an over-cold and damp land; in situations better drained, as, for example, all along the ditch, the foliage is green, vigorous, and healthy.

As to cure for this distemper—there is none. We are visited by a great calamity, which we must bear. At the same time, although it is not within human means to alter the course of the seasons, or to prevent the maladies attendant on them, prudence may perhaps suggest some alleviation of the evil. Should we have fine weather the disease will probably disappear; should rain and cold continue it will spread. In the latter case, the only thing to be done will be to dig up the crop immediately. Much loss will be thus sustained, and the quality of late potatoes will be bad; but the loss will be less than to let the potatoes all rot it the cold ground, and we conceive that some of the crops will be eatable, though not what could be wished.

Although the potatoes taken up thus early will suffer in quality from their unripeness, even this evil may be partially remedied by putting them in heaps, consisting of alternate layers of dry earth and tubers. In such a situation it is probable that no farther decay will take place, and it is certain that the ripening process will continue to proceed, although less effectually than under natural circumstances. We may add, that such late potatoes as we have examined are much more advanced toward ripeness than might be supposed. They are already very full of starch, and their gummy matter is disappearing fast.

As to the fitness of decayed potatoes for food, we doubt extremely the prudence of using them, if the disease is more than skin deep, so that it may be pared away. Putrid matter of any kind, or even matter approaching putridity, is unfit for being introduced into the stomach, and has very often proved fatal. The Belgian police, acting upon this well-known fact, have been destroying the decayed potatoes in the public markets of Antwerp, and they have acted wisely.

The following letter on this subject, by Mr. Herapath, appeared in the *Bristol Mercury* of the 6th of September:

"SIR,—My attention has been given to the disease which has shown itself so extensively among the growing potatoes. I find, in almost every instance, that the epidermis of the stalk, below the surface of the ground, is more or less in a state of decay, often disintegrated, and completely rotten; the leaves and branches accord with the state of that part of the stalk below the ground. The tuber, beneath the outer skin, is first spotted brown, (like a bruised apple;) these spots extend and penetrate toward the centre, quite changing the nature of the potato. Those near the surface are most injured; in some cases the lowest on the root are not at all affected, while the upper ones are useless. I should therefore expect that the longer the crop remains in the land the greater the injury will be. It seems from the microscopic appearance, that the starch escapes injury for a long time after the skin and cellular parts are gone, and as the whole of the nutritive powers of the potato reside in the starch, I should recommend that wherever the disease has shown itself to any extent the crop should be dug, whether ripe or not, and the starch extracted by the following simple process:

"After washing the roots, let them be rasped fine, and thrown into a large tub or other vessel; pour a considerable quantity of water, and well agitate and rub the pulp with the hands; all the starch or fecula will, from its great weight, fall to the bottom; while the skin and fibrous matter will be carried away by the water; wash the starch with one or two more waters, allowing it to fall after each washing; spread it upon cloths in a warm room to dry. In this way about 20 lb. or 21lb. will be obtained from every 100lb. of potatoes, and it contains as much nourishment as the original roots; it will keep any length of time, and might be used with flour to make bread, pies, puddings, &c., as well as farinaceous spoon meat.

"This is much better than throwing away the diseased roots, and will furnish food for tons of thousands, who might otherwise want it.

"WILLIAM HERAPATH."

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.—Among the potatoes introduced into the London markets, a great proportion have proved to be affected by the prevalent disease. The roots so attacked give out no peculiar appearance to the eye by which the presence of disease may be indicated, but in boiling, it is at once perceptible, from the dark mass which they present in the interior. The dealers are aware of this, and in many of the poorer districts of the metropolis, potatoes were sold on Saturday at 4 lb. and 6 lb. for 2d. Whatever may have been the cause, it is certain that externally the disease indicates itself by a fungus or moss, producing a decomposition of the farinaceous interior. It therefore resembles, in many respects, the ergot attacking grain and grasses; which, it was proved at the last meeting of the British Association at Cambridge, had greatly increased the last two or three years, probably owing to the great additional increase of animal manures. It may be remarked that in the Isle of Wight, where the disease has occurred in its most virulent form, we lately had the opportunity of observing, in many instances, that it was most prevalent in these crops which had been planted on wheat land, which had previously been manured with guano. The use of these diseased potatoes for domestic purposes cannot be too much condemned.—*Times.*

New York City.

BROADWAY.

The editor of the New York Tribune philosophizes about a pleasant day in Broadway, to a tune and tenor which may apply to other places, and will, in its generalities and application answer for all latitudes. He says: "You might deem that one of the gorgeous prairies of the West, in full flower-season, were draining its many-hued tide through Broadway. It is a point of curious speculation to note the soldier-like discipline with which the going and coming throng continually meet and pass each other, with the precision of two bodies of new-drilled troops. 'Keep to the right' is the grand secret—the 'open sesame'—that places Broadway within the enjoyment of the meanest capacity. The senseless notion that a lady *must* at all events 'take the wall' in meeting is here effectually exploded. Occasionally a stray individual, unacclimated to the Broadway epidemic, attempts—perhaps with a lady on each arm—to make headway against *both* currents, and obstinately runs against every body going either up or down; too blind to see what is the matter, or too mulish to fall in with the current and go along smoothly and quietly. The fate of such a being is a cruel one. The mishaps, elbowings, squeezings and rebuffs of Broadway are but a type of his whole world-journey. Always taking the left when his fellows take the right—quarreling about nothing with every body, while the great tide of humanity rushes by unheeding, leaving him high and dry to growl and grumble and rub his bruised shins at leisure—he is an object scarcely worthy of being despised, and yet whom no one has time to pity."

MUSIC.

A convention of musical men has just been held in New York, and the results of their deliberations embodied in the following resolutions, which apply as well to this city as to that, and which we should be glad to see carried out in both.

Resolved, That it is expedient to found in the city of New York, an association or society of musical men, as well amateur as professional, in the nature of a college or academy, based upon broad and comprehensive principles, having for its object the diffusion of musical knowledge, in all its departments and ramifications, vocal and instrumental, theoretical and practical.

2. That a Committee of Correspondence and Enquiry, consisting of twenty-one members, be forthwith appointed to collect from all accessible sources foreign and domestic information concerning similar institutions, and further to mature a plan or constitution, founded upon information so to be obtained, with such modifications as the state of society, and of the arts in this country may render advisable, such plan or constitution to be laid before this convention at its next meeting for action thereon.

☞ According to statements published in the Freemen's Journal, of Saturday last, the sum of $17,216, has been contributed by the different Catholic congregations within the diocese of Bishop Hughes, towards the erection of buildings for a Catholic Theological Seminary in New York. The Bishop, in the statement alluded to, says that his most sanguine anticipations did not go beyond $10,000 or $12,000. The Seminary is nearly finished. It is 108 feet long by 40 wide, four stories high, and built of granite. A church, 100 feet long and 50 wide, is to be built in connection with it.

☞ The number of letters received at the New York City Post Office, for delivery in the month of July, was 228,778. Number of letters received from other offices, to be distributed to other offices, 110,105. Number of letters sent from the office by mails, 221,407. Ship letters received, 8,886. Number of letters received by ship, and forwarded to other offices by mail, 9,549. Total of letters passing through the office in one month, "drop" or City letters, excepted, 648,725.

☞ Complaints against the gambling houses of New York are being made. At these fashionable places of resort individuals have recently lost large sums of money. At two sittings, one person lost $5,000 at faro, and it is said that a few evenings ago, an agent of an Eastern house lost the immense sum of $7,000, at a certain house, at one sitting.

☞ Col. Thorne, it is said, intends to erect a splendid hotel on his property in the lower part of Broadway, to be conducted in the best Parisian style. The buildings upon the site were among those destroyed in the great fire; and it is stated that the return of Col. Thorne from Paris was principally to oversee the erection of the new hotel.

☞ The arrivals at New York for the week ending 9th, were 32, of which 23 were American. Clearances 26, of which 16 were American. Number of passengers arrived 2,084. The exports amounted to $504,242, of which $361,674 were in American vessels.

☞ It is expected that the line of telegraph between New York and Boston, via. Hartford, will be in operation next month. The citizens of Springfield, New Haven, and Bridgeport have secured depots in their respective towns.

☞ The proprietor and proprietor's agents of the magnetic telegraph, have it in contemplation to employ a number of competent persons as Congressional correspondents and reporters of the New York press.

☞ The assessed value of real estate in New York city is $177,160,790; of personal $62,777,527—a nett increase of about two millions over last year.

☞ The new Catholic Church of St. Columbia, in 25th street, N. Y., was dedicated on Sunday.

A MURDEROUS AFFAIR.

We cut from the Norwich Journal the following account of a most singular and diabolical transaction, which recently took place in the town of Green, near Norwich, Chenango county, New York. The purpose of the murderers is supposed to have been to suppress their victim's testimony, relative to a certain nefarious transactions, by taking her life.

On the farm belonging to John Johnson, on the east hill, and within the bounds of the corporation, lives a tenant by the name of Harvey Hammond, whose family consists of himself and wife, sister-in-law, brother-in-law, and his wife, the latter of whom was the victim of the most damnable transaction that ever came under observation. She is about nineteen, good looking, and was married a few weeks since. Her health is poor, she having been subject for years to a species of epileptic fit. On Monday evening, the 29th ult, this young couple (Burdick by name) had retired somewhat early, when the husband, feeling some pain from a wound in the leg, received some time before from an axe, arose and went into the kitchen, where the rest of the family were, for the purpose of dressing the sore. He had been there a few minutes, when they heard a scream from the bedroom, and on going in they found Mrs. Burdick on the floor, laboring under extreme fright. She said that soon after her husband left the room, she felt a hand pass lightly over her face, but supposing that it was Mr. Burdick feeling his way to the bed, she was not alarmed until the hand seized her throat and disabled her from making any out-cry. Immediately another arm was placed under and raised up her head, while a third hand grasped her legs and pulled her from the bed. She seized the feather bed with one hand, and with the other, by a desperate effort, succeeded in releasing her throat, and screamed. When found she and the bed were on the floor, and an article of woman's apparel (a cape we believe) lay near by. This cape was afterwards identified as her *mother's*, a Mrs. Baxter, who lives in the next house, also a tenant of "Uncle John." A door was open leading out of the room, but no other trace of the perpetrators was found.

On the following day (Tuesday, the 30th,) Mrs. Burdick, being in a very weak state, went to the same room after dinner for the purpose of rest, having first taken the precaution to secure the blinds by a string, and to fasten the door that was entered the previous night. The window was raised and left up. Between two and three o'clock Mrs. Hammond, hearing a slight noise in the direction of Mrs. B.'s room, went in and discovered it empty, and the blinds taken from the hinges, the string broken, and the door still bolted. As the male members of the family were at work in the fields, some little time elapsed before they were informed of these facts, when Mr. Hammond immediately mounted his horse and gave the alarm in the village. The story that a woman was carried off in mid-day, and within the corporation, in plain sight of the whole village, gained but little credence, and but four or five could be induced to go up and search. After looking for nearly two hours, she was found about three quarters of a mile from the house, in a swamp, on Col. Rathbone's farm. She was in a natural ditch, about eighteen inches deep, made by the overflowing of a spring. She was lying on her back, her feet under a large log of wood, another log laid across her breast, and a third lengthways on her body. Her hands were tied, a large gag of the thickness of a man's arm, and made of rags sewed together, was forced into her mouth, her neck handkerchief tied tightly over her mouth, and her apron bound over her eyes. In this situation she had lain for two hours or more, her body immersed in the filthy muck and water, her head being just above the surface. Four men carried the insensible body to the house, where, after great exertions life was restored. Reason has not yet entirely returned, but during a few lucid intervals her statement is as follows:—

While asleep, she was seized, gagged and blinded, then forced through the window by two men, and partly dragged and partly walking, was taken through fields and over fences into the woods. Here they laid her down, and took the bandage from her eyes and the gag from her mouth. They asked if she knew them. She replied that she did not. They wore caps, and were disguised by painting their faces. They then attempted to pour something from a phial down her throat. From her description it was probably laudanum. She did not swallow any, but succeeded in breaking the phial. She begged of them (on seeing them take out their knives, without the remark that "they might as well finish her then as any time,") not to kill her, as she wished to communicate something to her husband before she died. They then produced pencil and paper, and pretended to write as she dictated. When this was done, she was again blinded and gagged, and conveyed to the ditch, and placed with her *face downwards*, and as heretofore described. One of the men, after placing the log across her, *jumped upon it*. They deposited the letter for her husband under some leaves by her side, and said that they would come at night when she was dead, and cover her up. One of them said "he had done about enough for five dollars." They then left her, and by dint of struggling, she turned over, and got her head above water. She soon became insensible, and in this state she was found.

Her mother and brother were immediately arrested on suspicion of some knowledge of the affair, though they were undoubtedly absent from the spot on the day. They are the mother and brother of the Baxter who was sentenced last Court to State prison, and afterwards had his leg amputated at Norwich. Mrs. Burdick has always borne a good character, though that of the rest of the family is notorious.

The examination has, for obvious reasons, been held in private. At a meeting of the citizens, a committee of fifteen in the village, and ten out, were appointed to investigate the affair. They are all active and efficient men, and are determined to spare no efforts to discover the guilty. As yet, all is mystery, though there are a thousand suspicious circumstances which might be told; still it is not expedient that the investigation of the committee should be forestalled. The whole matter is in their hands, and if there is a possibility of discovery it will be made.

We should mention further that the letter to the husband was found, as Mrs. B. said, under the leaves, on Saturday last. There were a few pencil scratches on it, but no writing. This story has been gradually drawn from her, and more will be told, probably, as she gains strength.

Casualties.

☞ St. Louis papers of the 4th inst., record the sinking of three steamboats: the Columbiana at Lexington Bar, Missouri River, 27th ult; the Monona at Little Washington, same river, 30th ult; and the Levant, at Turkey Island, Mississippi River, at 2d. inst.—all from striking snags. The Monona was afterwards raised, with the loss of a valuable deck load of hemp and a great injury to the cargo. The other two will probably be raised, but the loss to the passengers and the owners of the boats and cargoes must be very heavy.

☞ We learn from the Cumberland Alleghanian, that on Tuesday week, Mr. James Welch, whilst engaged in excavating a clay bank on the Maryland Mining Company's Railroad, near Frostburg, was accidentally killed by the falling of a large body of earth upon him. Mr. Welch was an honest and industrious citizen. He has left a wife and several children.

☞ Mary Brown, daughter of Mrs. Mary Brown, of Springfield, Ohio, aged 18 years, while suffering from a renewed attack of mental derangement, threw herself into a well in which there was only two feet of water, on Tuesday evening of last week, and was drowned.

☞ A woman named Susan Dickson was the other day picking up chips in a wood yard in New York, and in doing so removed the chock which kept the spars up, when one of them of a large size, rolled over and crushed her to death.

THE ANTI-RENT CASES.

SENTENCES TO DEATH.

The Court of Oyer and Terminer, late in session at Delhi, Delaware Co., New York, adjourned on the 11th inst., after passing sentence of death on two persons, of imprisonment for life on four, and of imprisonment for terms of years on thirteen. These sentences do not include that of Big Thunder and others which have been previously reported in this paper. The proceedings are thus given in the Delhi Republican.

SENTENCE OF JOHN VAN STEENBURG.

Judge Parker—John Van Steenberg you have been found guilty of the murder of Osman N. Steele, have you any thing to say why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced against you?

Prisoner—I am innocent; I don't think I ought to be punished.

Judge Parker—You have been tried by a jury of your country, and one almost of your own selecting, you have been defended by able counsel and have been pronounced guilty. The court entertained no doubt of your guilt. You were one of the two hundred disguised men who were present at the Earle sale, and who had combined to take the life of an esteemed citizen and a faithful public officer. And there is much reason to believe that you fired on that occasion, and perhaps the fatal shot. You have thus taken the life of a fellow being; and the court entertaining not the slightest legal doubt of your guilt, there is no reason why sentence should not be pronounced upon you.

You have but a short time to live. It is not necessary now to admonish you in relation to your awful situation. There are others whose province it will be to advise with you, and who will see that you have every opportunity and means furnished you to prepare for your final end.

It is the judgement of the Court that you be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and that on Saturday, the 29th day of November next, you be taken to the place of execution, and hung until you are dead.

Prisoner—(much agitated)—may I speak—Mr. Gordon, I want to—

Judge Parker—If you have any communication to make, you can make it to your counsel. The Sheriff will remove the prisoner.

SENTENCE OF EDWARD O'CONNER.

Judge Parker—Edward O'Connor, you have been found guilty of murder. What have you to say why sentence of the law should now be pronounced against you?

Prisoner—I say I am not guilty of the crime.

Judge Parker—Upon that subject the Court entertain no doubt. No doubt can exist that you were at the Earle sale; that you was one of this two hundred men armed and disguised on that occasion; and even if you did not fire, of which there is at least a question, still you was there and participated in the outrage; there can therefore be no question of your guilt.

The judgment of the Court is, that you be taken hence to the place from whence you came, and that on Saturday, the 29th day of November next, you be taken to the place of execution, and there, between the hours of 10 o'clock in the morning and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, you be hung till you are dead.

Prisoner—(looking round upon the audience as the sheriff removed him.) Remember, my friends, I die an innocent man.

SENTENCE OF DANIEL W. SQUIRES.

Judge Parker—Daniel W. Squires, you have plead guilty to manslaughter in the 1st degree. What have you to say why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon you?

Prisoner—I don't know that I have any thing to say.

Judge Parker—The sentence of the Court is, that you be confined in the State Prison in Clinton County for the term of your natural life.

SENTENCE OF MOSES EARLE.

Judge Parker—Moses Earle you have plead guilty to manslaughter in the 1st degree. What have you to say, &c.

Prisoner—I hope your honor will consider me, and do me all the good you can, and I hope the God of Heaven will reward you for it. I hope you will try and get me pardoned, that I may return to my companion.

Judge Parker—It is certainly a painful duty to pass sentence upon a man of your years. * * * The judgment of the Court is, that you be confined in the State Prison in Clinton County, for the term of your natural life.

OTHER SENTENCES.

Zera Preston had pleaded guilty to manslaughter in 1st degree—State Prison for life.

John Phenix, aged 21; John Burtch, aged 22; John Latham, 45; William Reside 24; Isaac L. Burhans, 23, all plead guilty to manslaughter in the first degree. Each sentenced to the State Prison for 7 years.

Calvin Madison pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the 1st degree. State Prison 10 years.

William Brisbane had pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the 2d degree. State Prison 7 years.

Daniel Northrop pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the 1st degree. State Prison for life. (The Court intimated that should his conduct warrant it, the Court would intercede for his pardon in two or three years.)

Charles T. McCumber pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the 2d degree. State Prison 7 years.

William Jocelyn pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the 4th degree. State Prison 2 years.

Robert Scott, indicted for murder, also for conspiracy, being armed and disguised, &c. Proceedings suspended on the former, and fined $500 on the latter, (to which he had plead guilty.)

John Davis stands in the same position. Proceedings suspended on the former, and fined $100 on the latter.

Darius Travis, Augustus Kettle, Edwin Mason, Barbour Stafford, Henry L. Russell, Zadoc Pratt Northrop, John Whitson, Jr., James Clayton, Smith Sandford and Alonzo Sandford, all young men, mostly under 21 years of age, had pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the 4th degree. Sentence suspended, and the prisoners allowed to go at large.

Henry D. Wilkinson pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the 4th degree. Sentence suspended; and gave bail to appear at the next Oyer and Terminer.

Francis F. Scott pleaded guilty to conspiracy, being armed and disguised. Sentence suspended.

The Court then adjourned *sine die*.

Thus have ended these important trials which have produced an excitement, and excited an interest in the State of New York, and, particularly in the infected counties, of which those at this distance can hardly form an idea. It was a most dangerous combination hurried to its close by its own violence, an over-estimate of the strength of the conspirators, and an under-estimate of the strength of the laws. While no murder had been done, there was a great deal of sympathy felt for the tenantry, and prosecution for their lawless, though bloodless violence, would have, perhaps, resulted in little. But the death of Steele threw down the defences, and in a manner outlawed them.

The death of poor Steele, and the melancholy, but just consequences which follow it, afford an impressive lesson on the danger of lawless combinations. It is much easier to blow up a tempest of popular excitement and to egg men in masses, and therefore apparently safe in violence, into excesses, than it is to control or check the storm when it has once risen. At least, as in this anti-rent disturbance, it reaches enormities which call down destruction and defeat upon it, and which make persons responsible for crime, and technically and really participants in it, who in any other relation are good citizens and worthy men. Beware of excitement and exaggeration, particularly if *illegally* excited, no matter how good the end in view may seem.

Fires.

☞ On Monday evening week, a fire broke out in the drug store of Mr. John Winer, the south side of King street, Hamilton, C. W., and which was soon consumed—together with three houses adjoining, occupied by Mr. Brown, tailor; a watchmaker, lately opened; and Miss Carmall, as a millinery store all of wood. Mr. Winer was not even able to save his books. He is insured for $5,000—about a third of his loss. The buildings belonged to Mr. Prentiss of New York.

☞ We learn by the Baltimore Sun, of Saturday, that the St. John Female Orphan Asylum, at Frederick, Md., was destroyed by fire on Wednesday night week, believed to have been communicated by an incendiary. The children were all safely rescued. A heavy reward is offered for the detection of the incendiaries.

☞ A fire broke out in the Hydraulic Buildings, on Brown's Race, Rochester, N. Y., on Thursday morning week, which destroyed property to the amount of four or five thousand dollars—a part insured: the building was occupied by several persons engaged in various manufactures.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ A most ingenious piece of mechanism has lately been made known to the public in France, the inventor of which has been engaged during the last fifteen years in bringing it to its present state of perfection. It is a sewing machine, plain in its details, and calculated to revolutionize completely the art of sewing. It will perform two hundred stitches to the minute,—enlarge or contract the stitches by the simple turn of a screw—lead the needle along all the sinuosities and irregularities of the stuff to be sewed, without the least danger of tear, whatever may be the texture of the stuff, and do every part of the sewing of a coat, *button holes excepted.*

☞ The Racine (W. T.) Advocate says "buckwheat seems to be a favorite crop with the Wisconsin farmers this year. We perceive that acres and acres of it have been sown in the southern part of the territory; the crop is apparently a very good one, and is now being harvested. As the last fall crop, it is profitable for feeding to stock, as well as for furnishing families with those delicious cakes so much admired all the world over." We file an exception to the last clause. Buckwheat is all humbug when white flour can be obtained. No one who ever "crossed the line" would stoop to the black dirty stuff.

☞ The St. Louis Republican says that since the beginning of the present year, there has been exported from that city not less than 12,000,000 lbs. of pork and bacon. And during the last winter when, from the unusual scarcity of hogs all over the country, there was no where much over a third of the ordinary number packed, there were killed at St. Louis as many as 18,000, which number was an actual increase of several thousand over the year preceding.

☞ Some of the hands employed by Capt. Fremont, to accompany him on a surveying expedition to California, for the United States Government, returned to St. Louis on the 3d inst., being greatly dissatisfied with the Captain's regulations. Of course there must be some mal-contents. They may have excellent reasons, too—but it will not do to condemn on exparte testimony.

☞ A young mulatto woman in Pittsburg, the other day, complained that the father of her baby, a white man, had stolen her child. The Alderman knowing that a writ of habeas corpus would be a slow process, issued a search warrant for the child's clothes, which the woman described. The constable found them and returned them to the mother, with the baby in them.

☞ The Newark Advertiser says that a portion of the Bordentown Bonaparte Estate only is to be sold on the 25th. The young prince will reserve for himself the Park and house, which cover about seven hundred acres of land. There are several town lots and small farms to be sold, and as the property is very desirable, it will doubtless command a good price.

☞ A new reaping machine has been invented by a Jerseyman, Ferdinand Woodward, of Cream Ridge Monmouth county, by means of which, according to a note in the State Gazette, two horses and two men may cut and deposit in sheaf about thirty acres of wheat, rye, oats or rice in one day.

☞ Everything looks promising in Louisiana. Cotton is coming in rapidly, and sells readily for from six to ten cents. The crop of the Union will reach 2,800,000 bales. Sugar looks well. The harvest in Louisiana will nett 230,000 hogsheads. What a rich State in two single articles!

☞ The Frankfort, Ky., Commonwealth states that Dr. A. Baker, convicted of the murder of Daniel Bates was recently executed in Clay county, and every thing was conducted peaceably and quietly. This is the case that produced so much excitement recently.

☞ The anti-rent papers are discussing the propriety of holding a mass meeting of the anti-renters of the county, in the city of Albany, about ten days before the coming election. There is some sense in this. Do your work fairly and above board.

☞ Lassaie, one of the highest authorities in agricultural chemistry, maintains before the French Institute that salt is not a manure, that it does not contribute to the improvement of soil. Who shall decide, when farmers disagree?

☞ An experiment has been made to raise sweet potatoes in Racine, Wisconsin, and so far successfully. A quantity grown there was sold, a short time since, at $2 per barrel.

☞ On the property destroyed by the late great fire at Montreal, there was insurance amounting to $44,000.

Army & Navy.

☞ The Princeton steamed out of Pensacola harbor on the 30th ult., with despatches for Mexico, probably of a conciliatory, and in answer to overtures of peace from Mexico, through the mediation of England. The brig Lawrence would leave Pensacola on the 1st. inst. to join the squadron. The Potomac remained at anchor.

☞ The Arkansas Intelligencer, published at Van Buren, says that the military works at Fort Smith are rapidly progressing. Fort Gibson is very sickly. The detachment of the second regiment of U. S. Dragoons, stationed at Fort Washita, have left for Texas.

☞ Four days later advices from China have been received at New York. The only item of news is that the U. S. frigate Constitution, Captain Percival, arrived at Callao on the 6th of June.

☞ The large Gun for the Princeton was shipped on board the packet ship John R. Skiddy, which was to sail on the 26th September from Liverpool.

DOES NOT COMMON SENSE teach us that EXPECTORATION is the most NATURAL as well as the most EFFECTUAL agent in arresting and curing
PULMONARY DISEASES?
Reason says YES, because
OBSTRUCTION
is either immediately or remotely the cause of Inflammation and Catarrhal Fevers, producing Croup, Consumption, and Abscesses of the Lungs, Pain and Soreness of the Throat, Breast, Sides, or Shoulders, Bronchitis, exciting mucous and purulent secretions, thereby clogging up the lungs, so as to more or less impede both respiration and the free circulation of the blood, causing Difficulty of Breathing, and
ASTHMA,
Pleurisy, Hoarseness and Loss of Voice, Dropsy of the Heart and Chest, Rupture of Blood Vessels and Bleeding from Throat and Lungs, and
SPITTING OF BLOOD.
To remove this Obstruction, from which all these alarming and dangerous diseases originate, and to produce a radical cure, nothing has ever been found equal to JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.
It stands unrivalled—It stands pre-eminent—TRY IT, and you will be forced to acknowledge that its virtues HAVE NOT, NOR CANNOT BE OVERRATED; that it stands far above and beyond the reach of competition; that it is the only reasonable, the only natural and the only truly successful method of arresting and curing disease of the Pulmonary Organs. For sale at No. 8 South 3d street, Philadelphia. oct 18-3t

CAUTION TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.—As several druggists, in this city, are engaged in selling counterfeit medicines, country merchants should be extremely careful from whom they purchase their supply of drugs. It should be remembered that, as counterfeit Pills have been sold in Front street, and that an old established drug store in Fourth street is strangely implicated with the counterfeiters, there can be no safety in purchasing in either of those streets.
It should also be remembered that a man by the name of Wm. M. Spear, who sells medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, at the corner of Race and Front streets, is not an agent of mine, neither can I guarantee as genuine any that he has for sale.
The public are also informed that medicine purporting to be improved Indian Pills, made by one G. B. Smith, and sold about the country by different persons, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.
The only security against imposition is to purchase from authorized agents only, or at the office and general depot, No. 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia, or at the offices, No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, and No. 288 Greenwich street, New York. WILLIAM WRIGHT.

Hillsville, Mercer County, Pa., Sept. 18th, 1845.
Mr. F. Mahan—Dear Sir—I have received your System of Garment Cutting, and have used it for the last twelve months. I have found great advantage in so doing. In short I must say where I once was blind I now see. Yours, respectfully, JAS. M. WILLIAMS.

Millersburg, Holmes Co., Ohio, Oct. 1st, 1845.
Dear Sir—I have this day received your Reports of Fashions, &c.; I must say that I am well pleased with the drafts, and also with the Plates. You seem determined to excel all your competitors in getting up a handsome Plate of Fashions. I remain yours, &c.
ALBERTUS GRIGGS.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

756 shares	Wilmington R. R.	16½
650 do.	United States Bank,	5¼
150 do.	Reading R. R.	26
150 do.	Norristown Railroad,	7
50 do.	Girard Bank,	9
13 do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	159
4 do.	Mec. & Man. Bank, Pittsburg,	47¼
$16,000	State 5's,	76¼
$8000	Chesa. & Del. Canal 6's,	80
$1000	Wilmington R.R. 6's, 1855,	70
$1000	Kentucky 6's,	101¼
$1000	Cincin. 6's, 1856,	98
$650	Lehigh 6's, Mort,	77¼

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Ashes steady. *Bark*—Small sales of quercitron at $24 for first quality No. 1. *Coffee*—The market is firm, and the only sales making are a few small lots Rio at 7½ cts, and 600 bags Laguayra taken at the close of the week at 7½c, all on time. *Cotton*—The sales of the past three days comprise about 650 bales Uplands and Louisiana at 7c for middling, 7½c for good do., 8⅛a8½ cts for middling fair, and 8½a9c for fair and good do. on the usual terms; the market closes more firm, with reduced stocks. *Flour and Meal*—The market has been steady since the close of last week, and the demand good for all kinds, with light receipts; we notice sales of several parcels standard brands of flour for export at $4,75, and about 900 barrels Brandywine at $4,87½; sales for city use to a moderate extent at $4 87a5 for good selected brands. Rye Flour—Small sales on arrival at $3,50. Corn meal scarce, and Pa. readily brings $2 62½. Wheat has been in fair request at about former prices; sales of good Pa. reds at 98c; prime 99a100c, and white 108 cts; fair southern at 92c, and good and prime 95a96c; and a choice lot 98c in store. Rye is wanted; sales of southern at 64c, and Pa. 65c.—Corn continues in good demand for shipment at advanced prices; sales southern yellow 56a57c. white 53c; Pa. flat 57½c, and round 58a59c. Oats are also taken for shipment at 36c for good southern. *Fruits*, nothing doing. *Fish*—The market for mackerel without change since last week; 300 bbls pickled herring sold at $3¼. *Ginseng* is lower—a sale of 2500 lbs crude was made at 35c. *Guano*—1250 bags sold at 1½c. *Hemp*—No sales. *Iron* firm. *Lead*—No arrivals—we quote at $4,25 cash. *Molasses*—The market much depressed; we notice a sale of 150 hhds Matanzas at a price not public. *Naval Stores* and *Oils* stationary with moderate sales. *Plaster*—A cargo sold at $3. *Provisions*—Pork and bacon inactive at former quotations. Lard firm—Sales of 3a400 kegs prime at 8½c cash. Butter steady at 10½a11c. Cheese in better request at 7a7½c. *Rice*—Is scarce and 40 casks prime brought 5c cash. *Salt*—5000 bushels Turks' Island, and 4000 sacks Ashton's fine sold on arrival at a price not public. *Sugar*—The market has been very quiet—we have only to notice a sale of fair New Orleans at 7c, 4 mos. *Seeds*—Cloverseed is freely taken at $5,25, but generally held at higher prices; timothy seed dull; flaxseed, we quote at 1,40a1,25c. *Tobacco*—360 bales St. Jago sold at 23c, on time. *Wool*—Sales to the extent of 70,000 lbs principally for export at 28c, on time for quarter blood 170 casks Venitian red sold at $4,50 the cwt, and a few cases of Indigo by auction at 82a85c for Bengal, and 68c for Manilla. *Whiskey*—Sales of hhds at 24a24½c, and bbls 25c. 150 tons cake meal sold at $28½.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—The offering comprised 1250 head of beef cattle; including 500 from Virginia; 150 cows and calves; 900 swine, and 1250 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—Market dull at $4,50a5,50—450 went to N. York, and 100 over. Cows and Calves—The sales ranged from $5 to 10 for dry cows, $5 to 16 for springers, and $12 to 24 each for milch cows. Swine—Sales dull, at $4,25a5,25 per 100 lbs—150 over. Sheep and Lambs—Sales ranged from $1,50 to 3 for sheep and $1 to 2 each for lambs, as in quality.

Brighton, near Boston, Oct. 6.—At market, 2250 beef cattle, 1050 stores, 4500 sheep and 2300 swine. Prices—Beef Cattle—We quote to correspond with last week—extra $4,75a5; 1st quality $4 50; 2d $4; 3d $3,25a3,75. Stores—Yearlings $5a7; two year old $9a15; three year old $16a24. Sheep—Dull—small lots from 88c to $1,75. Swine—Small lots 3 and 4c; selected lots 3½a4½c. Ohio hogs 3c; at retail, from 3½ to 5c.

Baltimore, Oct. 10.—The supply of beeves at market on Monday was 1150 head, of which only 50 remained unsold; prices ranged from $1,50 to 2,50 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $4,50a1,75 nett. Included in the sales is a lot of 365 head, which were purchased for the Philadelphia market. The average rate of sales is about $2,13½. Hogs—The supply of live hogs now in market is quite large; we quote as before at $4,50 for ordinary, to $5 for prime.

New York, Oct. 13.—At market, 1459 beef cattle, 30 cows and calves and 4000 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef cattle are a little easier of sale than last week, and $4 to 6 is the range for prime retailing sorts. Cows and Calves—All taken at $18 to 30, which is an advance.—Sheep and Lambs—Lambs remain as before, 75c to $2½, while sheep are dearer, say 87½c to $4 for all qualities. Hay—$1 the cwt is the price for the best loose, at the close.

Richmond, Oct. 9.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,25a2,50; nett $4,50a5, according to quality.—Mutton—$2,50a4 per head. Veals $3 to 5. Hogs—$5½ a6 per cwt.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON & CO., BROKERS
No. 11 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, October 18, 1845.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. Bank notes	27 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	1 dis
York	1 dis
Berks county	25 dis
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lewistown	1½ dis
Brownsville	1½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	2 dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	2 dis
Susquehanna county	1½ dis
Lebanon	2 dis
Lehigh county bank	1½ dis
Towanda	—
Honesdale	1½ dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	1 dis
Northampton	—
Pottsville	½ dis
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	1 dis
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del. Bridge	½ dis
Yard. Del. Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	1 dis
Salisbury	2½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Far and Millers bk.	—
DIS'T OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	½ dis
Com. Bank, N. Y.	2 dis
Bank of Lyons,	2 dis
Tonawanda	50 dis
Clinton county	2 dis
Com. Bk. Buffalo	4 dis
Com. Bk. Oswego	2 dis
Oswego Bank	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	1½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
Pascoag Bank	10 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk. of Va. & branches	1 dis
Far. Bk. and branch's	1 dis
Valley Bk & branch	1 dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	1 dis
Wheeling	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St Mary's	2 dis
Central Bank of Mill.	2 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	2 dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	2 dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	2 dis
Country Banks	5a6 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small Notes	3 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA.	
State Bank	2 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	25 dis
State Bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	3 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	70 dis
Farmers' and Mech's	20 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	60 dis
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' Bank	—

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 67 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Sts., Philadelphia. The subscriber has constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.
Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER, and FRENCH CALF SKINS.
feb 10-tf ANDREW K. CHAMBERS.

ALMANAC.

Oct. 1845.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
18 SATURDAY,	6 33	5 27	3 40	
19 SUNDAY,	6 35	5 25	4 16	D. H. M.
20 MONDAY,	6 36	5 24	4 55	
21 TUESDAY,	6 37	5 23	5 36	New 1 5 38
22 WEDNESDAY,	6 38	5 22	6 23	First 9 6 30
23 THURSDAY,	6 39	5 21	7 13	Full 15 4 55
24 FRIDAY,	6 40	5 20	8 19	Last 23 3 13
25 SATURDAY,	6 42	5 18	9 33	New 30 6 41

Married,

On Thursday evening, the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. La Roe Thompson, JOSHUA SPERING, to ELLEN, daughter of Thomas Peterson, all of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, JOHN CLAYTON, Esq. to ANNA B. COLTON, adopted daughter of M. W. Baldwin, all of this city.

On the 9th inst. at St. John's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Searle, Mr. JOHN STEWART, to Miss MARY A. DULL, both of Philadelphia.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. S. H. Gloucester, Mr. ALEXANDER MAXFIELD, to Miss SARAH BUTLER, both of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the same, Mr. BERRY MALONY, to Miss JULIA WARREN, both of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Alexander Maclin, Mr. WM. D. PITMAN, to Miss MARY R. MAXWELL, all of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. J. J. Kerr, Mr. AARON PHILLIPS, to Miss AMANDA ZIMMER, of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. H. Dorschet, MARK J. GRIGG, to MARY J. TAYLOR, all of this city.

On the 9th inst. at St. John's Church, by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, D.D., the Rev. GEORGE NEFF, to Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of Geo. Rugan, Esq. all of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. S. Higgins, Mr. F. H. SMITH, of the city, to Miss ELIZA ANN, daughter of I. Boileau, Esq. of Kensington.

On the 6th inst. in Cranston, R. I. by the Rev. Mr. Field, THOMAS D. BABCOCK, merchant, at Palmer, Saint Clair county, Michigan, to Miss UNITY H. daughter of Wm. Lippitt, Esq. of the former place.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. J. P. Durbin, Mr. FRANKLIN CURTIS, of Columbia, S. C. to Miss MARIA B. daughter of the late M. B. Dyott, of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. John L. Grant, LEWIS J. GILBERT, to Miss JOSEPHINE B. HORACE, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Vanarsdale, Mr. ANTHONY WILLIO, to Miss JEANETTE A. ANDERSON, both of New York.

By the Rev. Charles Gardener, Mr. DAVID SOLBEY, of New Jersey, to Miss SUSAN ANN CLARK, of Philadelphia.

Died,

On the 15th inst. Mrs. SUSAN, wife of Geo. C. Clinton, in her 50th year.

On the 15th inst. FRANCES MARY, daughter of Thomas and Frances M. Pierson.

On the 11th inst. of hemorrhage, ROBERT SOLTS, in the 49th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. WILLIAM FARNEY, in the 38th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. WM. FRANKLIN, son of Robert and Emeline Kirby, in the 5th year of his age.

On the 22d ult. after a lingering illness, in St. Louis, Mo., Mr. JOHN LUTZ, in the 35th year of his age, formerly of Kensington, Philada.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. JANE THOMSON, wife of John Thomson, in the 53d year of her age.

On the 10th instant, DOROTHY HUMMEL, in the 52d year of her age.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. SARAH CLYMER, wife of George Clymer, in the 30th year of her age.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. BRIDGET MARMIAN, aged 79 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. OLIVE YOUNG, aged 47 years.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. CATHARINE TREXLER, in the 40th year of her age.

On the 10th inst. WILLIAM, son of George and Esther Barclay, aged 20 months.

On the 10th inst. EDWIN V. ZANE, in the 20th year of his age.

On the 13th inst. Miss MARGARET RIDAY, daughter of Mr. John Riday, in the 18th year of her age.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. ANN PHILLIPS, relict of the late Benj. Phillips, in the 54th year of her age.

On the 11th inst. ROBERT MCFERRON, ship carpenter, in the 58th year of his age.

On the 12th inst. MATILDA, wife of Joseph Rinboth, and daughter of Mr. Jacob Von Nieda, in the 29th year of her age.

At Booneville, Mo. on the 27th ult. REBECCA HOOD, consort of Judge C. H. Smith.

On board the U. S. John Adams, on the 7th ult. at Sacrificios, near Vera Cruz, GARRET HOLLINSHEAD, aged 25 years, of Newark, N. J.

HEALTH OFFICE, OCTOBER 11, 1845.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 4th to the 11th October.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children
Asthma,	2	0	Brought over,	33	17
Apoplexy,	2	0	—Typhoid,	2	2
Atrophy of Heart,	1	0	Hemorrhage,	0	1
Burns,	0	1	Inflammation of the Breast,	0	2
Cancer of Liver,	1	0	—Lungs,	1	1
Casualties,	1	0	—Stomach and Bowels,	1	0
Croup,	0	2			
Cholera Infantum,	0	1	—Liver,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	14	2	—Spinal Marrow,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	2	Mania a Potu,	1	0
Dropsy,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	1
—Abdominal,	0	1	Old Age,	6	0
Disease of Heart,	1	1	Palsy,	1	0
Dysentery,	2	0	Sore Mouth,	0	2
Debility,	0	2	Small Pox,	0	6
Enlargement of the Heart,	1	0	Still Born,	0	4
Fever,	1	1	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	1
—Remittent,	6	1	Trismus,	1	0
—Scarlet,	0	3	Ulceration of the Bowels,	0	1
Carried over,	33	17	Total,	56—48	38

Of the above there were 9 from the almshouse, 2 from the country, and 8 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Oct.	5,	60	66	70
	6,	56	60	62
	7,	55	63	65
	8,	61	65	67
	9,	68	73	78
	10,	66	72	72
	11,	72	78	77

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THE FIRESIDE FRIEND—

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BROOKLYN, Conn., July 10, 1844.
GENTLEMEN: it has once more become my duty to communicate to you the situation of Mr. Harris, and you may rely upon it I do so with the utmost pleasure. Mr. Harris says, that four of his sores are entirely healed up, and the remainder are fast doing so. He further says he has no pain in the affected limb whatever; that his sleep is of the most refreshing nature, and his health in every respect very much improved; so visible is the change, that all who see him exclaim "What a change!" and earnestly inquire what he has been doing? He has gained in flesh very much, and is able to work at his trade, (which is that of a shoemaker,) without any inconvenience. This is the substance of the narrative; but the picture I cannot in any way here do justice. The manner, the *gratitude*, the *faith*, and the exhilarating effect upon his spirits, you can but faintly imagine. He requests me to say he will come on and see you as surely as he lives. May God continue to bless your endeavors to alleviate the miseries of the human family, is the fervent prayer of your sincere friend,
HUMPHREY ALMY, Justice of the Peace.
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Philada., May 24, 1845. my 24 6m

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Selected Poetry.

OUR LITTLE CHURCH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMACHER.

Oh, only see how sweetly there
 Our little church is gleaming!
The golden evening sunshine fair
 On tower and roof is streaming.
How soft and tranquil all around!
Where shall its like on earth be found?

Through the green foliage bright and clear
 It peeps out all so gaily
Round on our little village here
 And down through all the valley.
Well pleased it is, as one may see
With its own grace and poetry.

Not always does it fare so well,
 When tempests rage and riot,—
Yet even then the little bell
 Speaks out:—"'Twill soon be quiet!
Though clouds look black and pour down rain
The sunshine, brighter, comes again."

And when the organ chimes and sounds,
 With silver pipes all glistening,
How every heart then thrills and bounds,
 And earth and heaven seem listening.
Such feelings in each bosom swell!
But what he feels no one can tell.

Oh! see in evening's golden fire
 Its little windows gleaming!
Bright as a bride in gay attire
 With flowers and jewels beaming,
Aye, look now! how it gleams and glows,
Fair as an apricot or rose!

Within our little church shows quite—
 Believe me—quite as neatly,
The little benches, blue and white,
 All empty look so sweetly!
On Sunday none is empty found—
There's no such church the wide world round!

See where against the pillared wall
 The pulpit high is builded,
Well carved and planned by master-hand,
 All polished bright and gilded.
Then comes the parson, undismayed,
They wonder he is not afraid.

But he stands up a hero, there,
 And leads them on to Heaven,—
Through all this world of sin and care,—
 The flock his God has given.
Soft falls his word as dew comes down
On a dry meadow parched and brown.

But see, the sun already sinks,
 And all the vale is darkling,
Only our little spire still blinks
 With day's last golden sparkling.
How still and sacred all around!
Where shall a church like ours be found?

A Good Story.

"IT'S ONLY A DROP."

FROM CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

It was a cold winter's night, and though the cottage where Ellen and Michael, the two surviving children of old Ben Murphy lived, was always neat and comfortable, still there was a cloud over the brow of both brother and sister, as they sat before the cheerful fire; it had obviously been spread not in anger, but by sorrow. The silence had continued long, though it was not bitter. At last Michael drew away from his sister's eyes the checked apron she had applied to them, and taking her hand affectionately within his own, said—

"It isn't for my own sake, Ellen, though the Lord knows I shall be lonesome enough the long winter nights and the long summer days without your wise sayings, and your sweet song, and your merry laugh, that I can so well remember—aye, since the time when our poor mother used to set us on the new rick, and in the innocent pride of her heart, call our father to look at us, and preach to us against being conceited, at the very time she was making us proud as peacocks by calling us blossoms of beauty, and her heart's blood, and her king and queen."

"God and the blessed virgin make her bed in heaven, now and forever more, amen," said Ellen, at the same time drawing out her beads, and repeating an ave with inconceivable rapidity. "Ah, Mike," she added, "that was the mother, and the father too, full of grace and godliness."

"True for ye, Ellen; but *that's* not what I'm after now as you well know, you blushing little rogue of the world; and sorra a word I'll say against it in the end, though it's lonesome I'll be on my own hearth-stone, with no one to keep me company but the old black cat that can't see, let alone hear, the craythur."

"Now," said Ellen, wiping her eyes, and smiling her own bright smile, "lave off, ye're just like all the men, purtending to one thing, whin they mane another, there's a deal of desate about them—all—every one of them—and so my mother often said. Now, you'd better have done, or maybe I'll say something that will bring, if not the color to your brown cheek, a deal more warmth to yer warm heart, than would be convenient, just by the mention of one Mary—Mary! what a purty name Mary is, isn't it!—it's a common name too, and yet you like it none the worse for that. Do you mind the old rhyme?

"'Mary, Mary, quite contrary.'"

"Well, I'm not going to say she is contrary—I'm sure she's any thing but *that* to you any way, brother Mike. Can't you sit still, and don't be pulling the hairs out of Pusheen cat's tail, it isn't many there's in it; and I'd thank you not to unravel the beautiful English cotton stocking I'm knitting; lave off your tricks or I'll make common talk of it, I will, and be more than even with you, my fine fellow!—Indeed, poor ould Pusheen," she continued, addressing the cat with great gravity, "never heed what he says to you, he has no notion to make you either head or tail to the house, not he; he won't let you be without a mistress to give you yer sup of milk, or yet bit of sop; he won't let you be lonesome, my poor puss; he's glad enough to swop an Ellen for a Mary, so he is; but that's a secret, avourneen; don't tell it to any one."

"Anything for your happiness," replied the brother somewhat sulkily; "but your bachelor has a worse fault than ever I had, notwithstanding all the lecturing you kept on to me; he has a turn for the drop, Ellen, you know he has."

"How spitefully you said that!" replied Ellen; "and it isn't generous to spake of it when he's not here to defend himself."

"You'll not let a word go against him," said Michael.

"No," she said, "I'll never let ill be spoken of an absent friend. I know he has a turn for the drop, but I'll cure him."

"After he's married," observed Michael, not very good-naturedly.

"No," she answered, "*before*. I think a girl's chance of happiness is not worth much who trusts to *after-marriage* reformation. *I won't*. Didn't I reform you Mike, of the shockin' bad habit you had of putting off everything to the last! and after reforming a brother, who knows what I may do with a lover! do you think Larra's heart harder than *yours*, Mike? Look what fine vegetables we have in our garden now, all planted by your own hands when you come home from work—planted in the very time which you used to spend in leaning against the door cheek, or smoking your pipe, or sleeping over the fire; look at the money you got from the Agricultural Society."

"That's yours, Ellen," said the generous hearted Mike; "I'll never touch a penny of it; but for you I never should have had it; I'll never touch it."

"You never shall," she answered; "I've laid it every penny out, so when the young bride comes home, she'll have such a house of comforts as is not to be found in the parish—white table cloths for Sunday, a little store of tay and sugar, soap, candles, starch, every thing good, and plenty of it."

"My own dear generous sister," exclaimed the young man.

"I shall ever be your sister," she replied, "and hers too. She's a good *colleen*, and worthy my own Mike, and that's more than I would say to e'er another in the whole parish. I wasn't in earnest when I said you'd be glad to get rid of me; so put the pouch, every bit of it, off yer handsome face. And hugh!—whist will ye! there's the sound of Larry's footsteps in the lawn—hand me the needles, Mike."

She braided back her hair with both hands, arranged the red ribbon that confined its luxuriance, in the little glass that hung on the dresser, and after composing her arch laughing features into an expression of gravity, sat down, and applied herself with singular industry to take up the stitches her brother had dropped, and put on a look of right maidenly astonishment when the door opened, and Larry's good-humored face entered with the salutation of "God save all here!" He popped his head in first, and after gazing round, presented his goodly person to their view; and a pleasant view it was, for he was of genuine Irish bearing and beauty—frank, and manly, and fearless looking. Ellen, the wicked one, looked up with well-feigned astonishment, and exclaimed—

"Oh, Larry, is it you, and who would have thought of seeing you this blessed night!—ye're lucky—just in time for a bit of supper after your walk across the moor. I cannot think what in the world makes you walk over the moor so often; you'll get wet feet, and your mother will be forced to nurse you. Of all the walks in the country, the walk across that moor's the dreariest, and yet ye're always going at it! I wonder you hav'nt better sense; ye're not such a chicken now."

"Well," interrupted Mike, "it's the women that bates all for desaving. Sure she heard yer step, when nobody else could; its echo struck on her heart, Larry—let her deny it; she'll make a shove off if she can; she'll twist you and twid you, and turn you about, so that ye won't know whether it's on your head or your heels ye're standing. She'll tosticate yer brains in no time, and be as composed herself as a dove on her nest in a storm. But ask her, Larry, the straight-forward question, whether she heard you or not. She'll tell no lie—she never does."

Ellen shook her head at her brother, and laughed. And immediately after, the happy trio sat down to a cheerful supper.

Larry was a good tradesman, blythe, and "well to do" in the world; and had it not been for the one great fault—an inclination to take the "least taste in life more" when he had already taken quite enough—there could not have been found a better match for good, excellent Mary Murphy, in the whole kingdom of Ireland. When supper was finished, the everlasting whiskey bottle was produced, and Ellen resumed her knitting. After a time, Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the industrious hand of his sister, thinking, doubtless, with the natural self conceit of all mankind, that he was perfectly secure with Ellen; but though Ellen loved, like all my fair countrywomen, well, she loved, I am happy to say, unlike the generality of my fair countrywomen, *wisely*, and reminded her lover that she had seen him intoxicated at the last fair of Bathecoolin.

"Dear Ellen," he exclaimed, "it was 'only a drop,' the least taste in life that overcome me. It overtook me unknownst, quite against my will."

"Who poured it down your throat, Larry?"

"Who poured it down my throat, is it?" why, myself, to be sure; but are you going to put me to a three months' penance for that?"

"Larry, will you listen to me, and remember that the man I marry must be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith in conversion after ——"

"Oh, Ellen!" interrupted her lover.

"It's no use oh Ellening me," she answered quickly; "I've made my resolution, and I'll stick to it."

"She's as obstinate as ten women!" said her brother.

"There's no use in attempting to contradict her; she has always had her own way."

"It's very cruel of you, Ellen, not to listen to reason. I tell you a table-spoonful will often upset me."

"If you know that, Larry, why do you take the table-spoonful?"

Larry could not reply to this question. He could only plead that the drop got the better of him, and the *temptations*, and the *overcomingness* of the thing, and it was very hard to be at him so about a trifle.

"I can never think a thing a trifle," she observed, "that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to respect you always, Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman ever could respect a drunkard. I don't want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one, and I *know* you are not one yet; but sin goes mighty strong upon us without our knowledge. And no matter what indulgence leads to bad: we've a right to think any thing that *does* lead to it sinful in the prospect,—if not at the present."

"You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen," said the young man, determined, if he could not reason to laugh her out of her resolve.

"I don't think," she replied, archly, "if I was a priest, that either of you would have liked to come to confession."

"But Ellen, dear Ellen, sure it's not it positive downright *earnest* you are; you can't think of putting me off on account of that unlucky drop, *the least drop in life* I took at the fair. You could not find it in your heart. Speak for me, Michael, speak for me. But I see it's joking you are. Why, Lent 'ill be on us in no time, and then we must wait till Easter—it's easy talking."

"Larry," interrupted Ellen, "do not you talk yourself into a passion; it will do no good; none in the world. I am sure you love me, and I confess before my brother it will be the delight of my heart to return that love, and make myself worthy of you, if you will only break yourself of that one habit, which you qualify to your own undoing, by fancying because the *least taste in life* makes you what you ought not to be that you may still take it."

"I'll take an oath against the whiskey, if that will plase ye, till Christmas."

"And when Christmas comes, get twice as tipsy as ever, with joy to think yer oath is out—no!"

"I'll swear any thing you plase."

"I don't want you to swear at all; there is no use in a man's taking an oath he is anxious to have a chance of breaking. I want your reason to be convinced."

"My darling Ellen, all the reason I ever had in my life is convinced."

"Prove it by abstaining from taking even a drop, even *the least drop in life*, if that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face."

"I'll give it up altogether."

"I hope you will one of these days, from a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because you darn't trust yourself."

"Ellen, I'm sure ye've some English blood in yer veins, ye're such a reasoner. Irish women don't often throw a boy off because of a drop; if they did, it's not many marriage dues his Reverence would have, winter or summer."

"Listen to me, Larry, and believe, that, though I spake this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not, I'd not take the throuble to tell you my mind."

"Like Mick Brady's wife, who, whenever she thrashed him, cried over the blows, and said they were all for his good," observed her brother slyly.

"Nonsense!—listen to me, I say, and I'd tell you why I am so resolute. It's many a long day since, going to school, I used to meet—Michael minds her too, I'm sure—an old bent woman; they used to call her the Witch of Ballaghton. Stacy was, as I have said, very old, entirely withered and white-headed, bent nearly double with age, and she used to be ever and always moddling about the streams and ditches, gathering herbs and plants, the girls said to work charms with; and at first they used to watch, rather far off, and if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue and stones she flung at them, they'd call her an ill name or two, and sometimes, old as she was, she'd make a spring at them sideways, like a crab, and howl, and hoot, and scream, and then they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go disturbing the green-coated waters with her crooked stick muttering words which none, if they heard, could understand. Stacy had been a well-fared woman, and knew a dale more than any of us; when not tormented by the children, she was mighty well spoken, and the gentry thought a dale about her than she did about them; but she'd say there wasn't one in the country fit to tie her shoe, and tell them so, too, if they'd call her anything but Lady Stacy, which the *rale* gentry of the place all humored her in; but the upstarts, who think every civil word to an inferior is a pulling down of their own dignity, would turn up their noses as they passed her, and maybe she didn't bless them for it.

One day Mike had gone home before me, and coming down the back bohreen, who should I see moving along it but Lady Stacy; and on she came muttering and mumbling to herself till she got near me, and as she did I heard Master Nixon (the dog-man*)'s hound in full cry, and seen him at her heels, and he over the hedge encouraging the baste to tear her in pieces. The dog was soon up with her, and then she kept him off as well as she could with her crutch, a cursing the entire time, and I was very much frightened, but I darted to her side, and, with a wattle I pulled out of the hedge, and did my best to keep him off her.

Master Nixon cursed at me with all his heart, but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy, herself, laid about with her staff, but the ugly brute would have finished her only for me. I don't suppose Nixon meant that, but the dog was savage, and some men, like him, delight in cruelty. Well, I beat the dog off, and then I had to help the poor fainting woman, for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't much like bringing her here, for the people said she wasn't lucky; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor,† I thought a drop of whiskey would revive her, and, accordingly, I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the venom with which she dashed it on the ground.

"Do you want to poison me," she shouted, "after saving my life?"

When she came to herself a little, she made me sit down by her side, and fixing her large grey eyes upon my face, she kept rocking her body backwards and forwards, while she spoke, as well as I can remember—what I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did—that wouldn't be in nature.

"Ellen," she said, and her eyes fixed in my face, "I wasn't always a poor lone creature, that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his cur at. There was full and plenty in my father's house when I was young, but before I grew to womanly state its walls were bare and roofless. What made them so?—drink!—whiskey! My father was in debt; to kill thought he tried to keep himself so that he could not think, he wanted the courage of a man to look danger and difficulty in the face, and overcome it; for Ellen, mind my words, the man that will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, *can do so*. He had not means, he said to educate his children as became them; he grew not to have means to find them or their poor patient mother the proper necessaries of life, yet he found means to keep the whiskey cask flowing, and to answer the bailiff's knocks for admission, by the loud roar of drunkenness mad, as it was wicked. They got in at last, in spite of the care taken to keep them out, and there was much fighting, ay, and blood spilt, but not to death; and while the riot was a-foot, and we were crying around the death-bed of a dying mother, where was he?—they had raised a ten-gallon cask of whiskey on the table in the parlor, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing the huge pewter funnel in one hand, and the black jack streaming with whiskey in the other; and amid the fumes of hot punch that flowed over the room, and the cries and oaths of the fighting drunken company, his voice was heard swearing "he had lived like a king, and WOULD die like a king!"

"And your poor mother?" I asked.

"Thank God! she died that night—she died before worse came; she died on the bed that, before her corpse was cold, was dragged from under her—through the strong drink—through badness of him who ought to have saved her; not that he was a bad man either, when the whiskey had no power over him, but he could not bear his own reflections. And his end soon came. He didn't die like a king; he died smothered in a ditch, where he fell; he died and was in the presence of God—how? Oh, there are things that have had whiskey as their beginning and their end, that makes me as mad as ever it made him! The man takes a drop, and forgets his starving family; the woman takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bitterer, blacker, deeper curse than ever was put on it by foreign power or hard-made laws!"

"God bless us!" was Larry's half-breathed ejaculation.

"I only repeat ould Stacy's words," said Ellen; "you see I never forgot them. You might think," she continued, "that I had had warning enough to keep me from having any thing to say to those who were too fond of drink, and I thought I had; but, somehow, Edward Lambert got round me with his sweet words, and I was lone and unprotected. I knew he had a little fondness for the drop; but in him, young, handsome, and gay-hearted, with bright eyes and sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which *had made me shed so tears over my father's grave*. Think of that, young girl; the drink doesn't make a man a beast *at first*, but it will do so before it's done with him. I had enough power over Edward, and enough memory of the past, to make him *swear against it except so much* at such a time, and for awhile he was very particular; but one used to entice him, and another used to entice him, and I am not going to say I might not have managed him differently; I might have got him off it—gently, may be; but the pride got the better of me, and I thought of the line I came of, and how I had married him who wasn't my equal, and such nonsense, which always breeds disturbance betwixt married people; and I used to rave, when, maybe, it would have been wiser if I had reasoned. Any way, things didn't go smooth—not that he neglected his employment—he was industrious, and sorry enough when the fault was done; still he would come home often the worse for drink—and now that he's dead and gone, and no finger is stretched to me but in scorn or hatred, I think maybe I might have done better; but, God defend me, the last was hard to bear. Oh, boys!" said Ellen, "if you had only heard her voice when she said that, and seen her face—poor ould Lady Stacy, no wonder she dashed down the whiskey."

"You kept this mighty close, Ellen," said Mike. "I never heard it before."

"I did not like comming over it," she replied, "the last is hard to tell." The girl turned pale while she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water. "It must be told," she said; "the death of her father, proved the effects of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shows what may happen from being even once unable to think or act."

"I had one child," said Stacy, "a darlint, blue-eyed, laughing child. I never saw any so handsome, never knew any so good. She was almost three years ould, and he was fond of her—he said he was, but it's a quare fondness that destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Lady-day, and well I knew that Edward would not return as he went; he said he would, he *almost* swore he would; but the promise of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand. I took sulky, and wouldn't go; if I had, maybe it would not have ended so. The evening came on, and I thought my baby breathed hard in her cradle; I took the candle and went over to look at her; her little face was red; and when I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath it was hot—very hot, she tossed her arms, and they were dry and burning. The measles were about the country, and I was frightened for my child. It was only half a mile to the doctor's; I knew every inch of the road; and so leaving the door on the latch, I resolved to tell him how my darlint was, and thought I should be back before my husband's return. Grass, you may be sure, didn't grow under my feet. I ran with all speed, and wasn't kept long, the Doctor said—though it seemed long to me. The moon was down when I came home, though the night was fine. The cabin we lived in was in a hollow; but when I was on the hill, and looked down where I knew it stood a dark mass, I thought I saw a white light fog coming out of it—I rubbed my eyes, and darted forward as a wild bird flies to its nest when it hears the screams of the hawk in the heavens.

"When I reached the door, I saw it was open; the fume cloud came out of it, sure enough, white and thick; blind with that and terror together, I rushed to my child's cradle. I found my way to *that*, in spite of the burning and the smothering. But Ellen—Ellen Murphy, my child, the rosy child whose breath had been hot on my cheek only a little while before, she was nothing but a cinder. Mad as I felt, I saw how it was in a minute. The father had come home, as I expected; he had gone to the cradle to look at his child, had dropt the candle into the straw, and, unable to speak or stand, had fallen down and asleep on the floor not two yards from me child. Oh, how I flew to the doctor's with *what had been* my baby; I tore across the country like a banshee; I laid it in his arms; I told him if he didn't put life in it, I'd destroy him and his house. He thought me mad; for there was no breath, either cold or hot, coming from its lips *then*. I couldn't kiss it in death; *there was nothing left of my child to kiss*—think of that! I snatched it from where the doctor had laid it; I cursed him, for he looked with disgust at my purty child. The whole night long I wandered in the woods of Newtownbarry with that burden at my heart."

"But her husband, her husband!" inquired Larry, in accents of horror; "what became of him?—did she leave him in the burning without calling him to himself?"

"No," answered Ellen; "I asked her, and she told me that her shrieks she supposed roused him from the suffocation in which he must but for them have perished. He staggered out of the place, and was found soon after by the neighbors, and lived long after, but only to be a poor heart-broken man, for she was mad for years through the country; and many a day after she told that story, my heart trembled like a willow leaf. 'And now, Ellen Murphy,' she added, when the end was come, 'do ye wonder I threw from yer hand as poison the glass you offered me? And do you know why I have tould you what tares my heart to come over?—because I wish to save you, who showed me kindness, from what I have gone through. It's the only good I can do ye, and indeed, it's long since I cared to do good. Never trust a drinking man; he has no guard on his words, and will say that of his nearest friend, that would destroy him soul and body. His breath is hot as the breath of the plague, his tongue is a foolish, as well as a fiery serpent. Ellen, let no drunkard become your lover, and don't trust in promises; try them, prove them all, before you marry.'"

"Ellen, that's enough," interrupted Larry. "I have heard enough—the two proofs are enough without words. Now, hear me. What length of punishment am I to have? I won't say that, for Nell, there's a tear in your eye that says more than words. Look—I'll make no promises—but you shall see; I'll wait your time, name it; I'll stand the trial."

And I am happy to say, for the honor and credit of the country, that Larry did stand the trial—his resolve was fixed; he never so much as tasted whiskey from that time, and Ellen had the proud satisfaction of knowing that she had saved him from destruction. They were not, however, married till *after Easter*. I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen's example. Women could do a great deal to prove that "*the least taste in life*" is a great taste too much!—that "ONLY A DROP" is a temptation fatal if unresisted.

* Tax-gatherers were so called some time ago in Ireland, because they collected the duty on dogs.
† In the house.

Our Scrap Book.

THERE NEVER WAS AN EARTHLY DREAM

There never was an earthly dream
 Of beauty and delight,
That mingled not too soon with clouds,
 As sunrays with the night;
That faded not from that fond heart
 Where once it loved to stay,
And left that heart more desolate
 For having felt his sway.

There never was a glad bright eye
 But it was dimmed with tears,
Caused by such griefs as ever dull
 The sunshine of our years.
We look upon the sweetest flower—
 'Tis withered soon and gone;
We gaze upon a star, to find
 But darkness where it shone.

There never was a noble heart,
 A mind of worth and power,
That had not in this changing world
 Pain, misery for its dower;
The laurel on the brow hath hid
 From many a careless eye
The secret of the soul within,
 Its blight and agony.

There never was—there cannot be
 On earth a precious spring,
Whose waters to the fevered lip
 Unfailing we may bring;
All changeth on this troubled shore,
 Or passeth from the sight;
Oh, for that world where joy and peace
 Reign as eternal light!

A DEPOSITE BANK.

"My son," said a gentleman of the west, to his hopeful boy, "my son, I have shipped the bagging and rope we were talking of to New Orleans, and I cannot leave here; you go down to the city, make the best bargain you can for its sale, *deposite the proceeds to my credit in one of the city banks*, and come home."

The "hopeful," according to direction, "sloped" for the city, arrived in advance of the cotton bagging, borrowed a hundred dollars on the bill of landing, and commenced a "splurge." In the mean time the "truck" was sold, and the proceeds duly deposited in a city bank.

A month or more after the old gentleman called up his boy, and the following conversation ensued—

"William, the bagging you sold."

"Yes, sir."

"Deposited in one of the city banks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Which bank, my son, did you deposite it in? I wish to draw for the money to take up *the mortgage*."

"I forget the name at this moment."

The old gentleman went to his desk, took up a "Picayune," turned to the Bank Note Detector, and asked if the money was deposited in the Louisiana Bank.

"No."

"In the Citizens?"

"No."

"Perhaps it was in the Canal?"

"No."

"Then it must have been in the Merchants?" said the old man, with astonishment.

"No."

"Then it was certainly the Union?"

"No."

"What bank was it, then?" thundered the old man—"what did the name sound like?"

"Why," said the young hopeful, "I think it was a bank with a Scripture name, ah, yes, I remember, it was the *Pharo Bank!*"

The old man fainted, and his son had business for the next month down the river "on the lower place."

☞ Some exchange paper illustrates the advantages of a "division of labor" by the following anecdote:

A certain preacher was holding forth to a somewhat wearied congregation, when he "lifted up his eyes" to the gallery, and beheld a youngster pelting the people below with chesnuts. Dominie was about to administer, *ex cathedra*, a sharp and stringent reprimand for this fragrant act of impiety and disrespect, but the youth, anticipating him, bawled out, at the top of his voice—

"*You* mind your preaching, daddy, and *I'll* keep them awake!"

☞ Place a bone across a pork rind, and you have "Bony-parte crossing the Rhine." This is termed "illustrated history."

☞ There is iron enough in the blood of forty-two men to make fifty horse shoes, each weighing half a pound.

[illegible] this is an age of poetry. [illegible] one now a days thinks of expressing his thoughts in prose. It is altogether too cold and sober. The life and fire are wanted. A thoroughgoing teetotaller—just pledged, though black as two o'clock at night—thus expresses himself on the subject of rum-selling:

"I'd sooner black my visage o'er,
 And put de shine on boots and shoes,
Than stand withing de grog-shop door,
 And rinse de glasses drunkards use."

P. S. Who stole de axe what belonged to massa Joe Smith?

☞ "Husband, do you believe in special judgments of Providence upon individuals in this life?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Do you, indeed? Did one of the judgments ever happen to you?"

"Yes, my love."

"And when was it, husband?"

"When I married you, my dear!"

☞ The phrase "*year of our Lord*," is said to have been first used by Charles III., Emperor of Germany, A. D., 879, while designating the date of particular transaction.

☞ What piece of goods is most entitled to the name of homespun? A spider's web, for it is spun from the very intestines of the factor.

☞ It is recommended to build monuments downwards into the earth, as they will not be so liable to be struck by lightning.

Biographical.

CHAPTER ON TALLEYRAND.

Our business, or more correctly speaking, our pleasure is not to trouble ourselves or our well-beloved public with a detailed account of the birth, parentage, and personal feats of the inimitable Prince Talleyrand de Perigord. No; our pen with an instinctive predilection, ever turns from grave to gay. We have, in short, resolved to devote our historical researches more to the sayings than to the doings of our hero. Of a piece with this prudent resolve, is our determination not even to meddle with the family matters connected with our subject, further than to state the following brief particulars of Charles Maurice, Prince de Talleyrand—glorious and never-to-be-forgotten name in the annals of European diplomacy!

To commence then in the style historical:—Charles Maurice Talleyrand was born in Paris in the year 1754. In the middle ages his ancestors were Sovereigns of Quercy. The name Talleyrand, which appears originally to have been that of an estate or manor was formerly written Talerna, Talleran, or Talliran. In the commencement of the twelfth century it was adopted as a surname by the family of the Sovereign Counts of Perigord. After the extinction of the elder branch, the younger, known by the designation of the Counts de Grignols, and afterwards by that of the Princes de Chalais and de Talleyrand, succeeded to the family title and honors.

Having stated so much, or rather so little, for the benefit of the curious in genealogy, we crave permission, not only to proceed at once to lighter, and to us more attractive matter, but to present it without any ceremonious attention to time, place, or circumstance, and after that unconnected fashion which to narrators is a sort of second nature.

Early in life, Talleyrand de Perigord figured among the most influential personages of France, and formed a close connexion with the principal republican leaders of the day; to some of them, however, the outset of his political career rendered him an object of distrust. Carnot, in particular, manifested a deep-rooted aversion for the *pretre defroque*, as he contemptuously termed the ex-bishop of Autun. Chenier compared him to a sponge that absorbs a portion of every liquor in which it is steeped, with this difference, that the sponge, when squeezed, disgorges its contents, whilst Talleyrand still imbibes and still retains. It must be admitted that one whose career belongs to so many epochs—one who has horizon blackened seemed to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm"—one who has survived the Old Regime, the Directory, the Consular power, the empire, and the final fall of the Bourbons, still rising on the wreck of each crumbling dynasty that overwhelmed in its ruin his less fortunate or less skilful compeers,—such a one might well engender in others that sour and sullen spirit which envy is ever ready to rail at vice when its rewards fall not to her share.

Talleyrand, we learn, was found irresistible by the *adorable moitie du genre human*; and a certain lady with much vivacity and true French frankness even went so far as to declare that she could refuse him nothing. "Perhaps not your favors," said Madame de Stael, who was present, "but most assuredly your confidence." The distinction was significant. The celebrated lady to whom we have just alluded was at one period among the number of those who exercised great influence over Talleyrand. Her empire, however, though on mental superiority, was subsequently undermined by the mere personal attractions of Madame Grandt, with whom Talleyrand became much smitten. The notabilities of the day were rather astonished at this circumstance, for the conversation of the beauty was insufferably vapid. A friend of Talleyrand was ungallant enough to enquire how he could possibly stop to admire the fashion of the casket when the lustre of the gem was so dim. "The society of dulness is refreshing," replied the diplomatist, "and I like now and then to rest myself." In the present instance, the triumph of the insipid belle was complete. On a certain occasion, when Madame de Stael and several other ladies were playing at the *jue de societe*, well known in the social circles of Paris as the game of the boat, the question was put to Talleyrand which of the two ladies he would save from drowning. Madame Grandt or Madame de Stael. "Ah, Madame!" said he to the latter, "you could never stand in need of succor, for your cleverness would extricate you from every danger; I would therefore save Madame Grandt." It was impossible to parry a home question with more address.

We have another anecdote relating to an adventure of Talleyrand, in which Madame Grandt figures with great *eclat*. The former frequently persecuted the lady with his assiduities, sometimes remaining *tete-a-tete* with her at her house till a late hour at night. On one such occasion Madame Grandt felt desirous of being alone. It was long past seven o'clock, and still the importunate suitor betrayed no symptoms of retiring. What was to be done? Madame feigned indisposition, and at last had recourse to that infallible expedient—a nervous attack. Talleyrand became alarmed, and ran to the window, which he opened, in hopes that a current of fresh air might revive the fair sufferer. Precisely at this moment and as his back was turned, Madame Grandt softly but suddenly seized her visitor by the leg, and fairly jerked him out of the window into the street. Had there been room for the exercise of volition in the matter, the space through which the somerset was performed would have confirmed the justice of the old adage—"look before you leap"—for the apartment was on the *entresol*.

Madame de St. Edme, better known to the literary world by the designation of *la Contemporaine* and who always managed to be intimate with every body who happened to be somebody, was of course on the best terms imaginable with Talleyrand. The following anecdote is furnished by the amiable *Contemporaine* herself, and we give it as nearly without remaining at least two hours in conversation with him. One day he carried his admiration of my ringlets so far, that in playfully twisting and turning them with his fingers, he at last reduced them to a state of "most admirable disorder," this he proceeded to repair, and the hand that had signed treaties of peace for France, purchased a truce with me on terms which proved that some little value was set on the cessation of hostilities between us. The minister took the curls one by one, carefully put them in papers, and arranged them under my hat, with the request that the edifice of my *frisure* might remain undisturbed till my return home. At a single glance I perceived that the curl-papers used by Talleyrand were bank notes of 1,000 francs each, and with a degree of patience which could be equalled only by his gallantry, I repassed the ringlets through my fingers, and as one solitary straggler had escaped his notice, I observed to him, "One more *papillote*, and then your Excellency's task is finished."

It has been stated that Talleyrand's main incentive to the attainment of power was his love of wealth. If so, avarice and ambition may be said to have gone hand in hand, for both have been amply gratified. The elevated position of the minister for Foreign Affairs, by giving him the key to all political secrets, enabled him to speculate with advantage in the public funds, and it appears that he liberally availed himself of his facilities. Some of his minor satellites, too, reaped the benefit of them second hand, catching, as it were, a refraction of the light which shone so resplendently on his fortunes. Every morning, whilst under the hand of his *perruquier*, it was Talleyrand's custom to enter into familiar conversation with that functionary sometimes touching on political matters, and on such occasions the barber "would, with a greedy ear, devour up" his Excellency's "discourse," from which he derived many a valuable hint for his own guidance. If Talleyrand muttered between his teeth, "Now is the time to sell," Strap hied him in haste to the Bourse, and sold out his five per cents. If he remained perfectly quiet, continued his daily routine and powdered the minister's caput, as usual, taking care to avail himself of the first hint of "Now is the time to buy stock." By diligently attending to these soliloquies of Talleyrand, the *perruquier* gradually amassed an enormous fortune.

Napoleon had by some means or other, been apprised of Talleyrand's hits on Change. The great Captain hated stock-jobbing of every description, and took his prime Minister severely to task. "So," said he with a sarcastic sneer, "I am informed that your Excellency is making a fortune on the Bourse!" "I never speculated but on one occasion," was Talleyrand's reply. "And when may that have been?" resumed the First Consul—"I bought in on the 18th Brumaire, and I sold out the next day." The force of the *repartee* will be evident to the reader who recollects that the stormy period alluded to was that of the *coup d'etat* which placed the Consular power in the hands of Bonaparte, and consequently laid the foundation of his subsequent greatness.

The circumstances of the time were admirably calculated to favor the ambitious views of Bonaparte. On his elevation to the empire, the nomination of the dignitaries, both male and female, appointed to various offices about the new Court, afforded ample scope for the exercise of Talleyrand's caustic wit. The female fashion of that period sanctioned the liberal display of a neatly turned an-[illegible] were then extravagantly short. One day, Talleyrand was in attendance at the Tuileries, in the apartment commonly called *la salle du Trone*. Several ladies were also present, who had just been appointed to the dignity of Maids of Honor, and amongst the number, a certain Madame de Marmier, the daughter of the Duke de Choiseul. Her beauty, which was remarkable, and above all, the exquisite symmetry of a foot that might have felt quite at ease in Cinderella's slipper, afforded some excuse for her adoption of the prevailing fashion in its extreme; for be it divulged to our readers, the skirt of her robe was of unconscionable brevity. A good natured courtier of the new regime remarked the fact to Talleyrand and asked the opinion of the fair subject. Talleyrand looked first at the lady's face, then scanned her dress attentively, his eye taking a downward direction. At last he dryly observed—"For a Maid of Honor, her petticoats are rather short."

During the Consular regime, Talleyrand was the wit *par excellence* of the Court, and it must be confessed, that in common with most wits, he could rarely be accused of good-natured consideration for the feelings of those against whom his shafts were levelled. A certain distinguished personage, in his presence, once passed a high encomium on the beauty of the Marchioness de Luchesini, the wife of the Prussian Ambassador, a lady whose stature was colossal; and whose attractions were altogether of the masculine order. "Bah!" exclaimed Talleyrand, in answer to the panegyrist—"I could show you better than that in the Consular Guard." As nothing is more unstable than the vogue of a Court beauty, the Ambassadress, after this cruel sarcasm, was at a discount of fifty per cent.

THE LILY OF THE VALE.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

Tender Lily of the Vale,
Lovely, modest, sweet, and pale,
While a tear, the night hath shed,
Weeping o'er thy beauteous head,
Forms the trembling diadem,
Weighing down thy slender stem;
Here in meekness art thee seen,
Like the lowly Nazarene.

Stooping o'er the dust beneath,
From the leaf that rose to sheath
Thine unsullied snowy bells,
Art thou pouring from their cells,
As from pensive vials there,
Odors rising like the prayer,
When in solemn midnight scene,
Kneeled the lonely Nazarene.

When the blast, or lightning stroke,
Wrings the willow, rends the oak,
Fearless of the tempest's power,
As a spirit clothed a flower,
Calm, amid the raging storm,
Stands thy frail and silken form,
With no earthly prop or screen,
Like the houseless Nazarene.

Teaching on Judea's height,
He whose words were life and light,
Looked from that far mountain side,
Down o'er field and valley wide,
For a glory there displayed,
Such as monarch ne'er arrayed;
Then, the Lily on the green,
Named our Lord, the Nazarene!

Choice Selections.

THE BLIND AND DUMB.

In the Perkins Institute for the Blind, near Boston, which is under the management of that genuine philanthropist, Dr. Howe, there are two of the inmates who are not only blind but also deaf and dumb. One of them, LAURA BRIDGMAN, is extensively known from the notices which have been published of her at various times. The other is a boy named OLIVER CASWELL. A correspondent of the N. York Commercial Advertiser, who visited the Institution last week, furnishes the following interesting notes respecting them. He was accompanied by a young lady who has the special charge of Laura Bridgeman:—

"My own curiosity was limited in its range to the doubly afflicted pair, Oliver Caswell and Laura Bridgeman, whose seeming hard lot and most wonderful faculty it is to make the one sense of touch perform the duties of three besides itself—who talk, and see, and hear with their fingers as well as feel; and though there was much to excite emotions of glad and grateful interest in the contemplation of so many blind unfortunates, all cheerful and busy at their work or study and seemingly unconscious of that which appears to us so terrible an infliction, I shall confine myself to the pair whose history and condition set them apart so completely, not only from us who have all the senses, but from both the classes whose deprivation calls so loudly upon our sympathy for aid. We feel that it must be hard and sad to have no enjoyment or use of sight—or to live unconscious of the pleasant sounds that thrill along the nerve of hearing; but Laura and Oliver can neither hear nor see.

"Our first visit was to Oliver. We found him alone in his workshop, busily employed at braiding rope for mats. He is about fifteen years old, small for his age, with a pale though not unhealthy face and good features. His expression is intelligent and grave. He is very industrious, fond of making himself useful, and like most of the inmates of this institution, seems habitually contented, if not absolutely cheerful. His temper is sweet, his disposition and manner grave. Of course his range of ideas and of subjects for thought is limited, but his mind is active though not rapid; he dwells long and steadily on one subject and will refer to it in conversation many times. For instance, when the time approaches for his annual visit to his father's house, he will introduce the subject of his journey every day for two or three weeks beforehand, taking note of the days as they pass and reckoning up the number of those remaining. I regretted that I could not talk with him; and the regret was accompanied by something like shame, when I saw the rapidity and apparent ease with which my companion and he kept up their conversation—his hand lightly pressed against hers as her fingers moved swiftly, each change of their position conveying an idea to his quick sense, though to my eyes they all seemed to be almost identical with each other.

"From Oliver's shop we went into several others, where some were making mattresses, some putting cane seats to chairs, some weaving rugs and others variously employed; and it would be close observation that could detect in their operations the want of that guiding faculty which appears to us so indispensable. We went also into the music room, where are four pianos and an organ, and where four young girls were practising. One of them sang for me; a good voice and tolerable execution.

"But I will pass over the rest and come at once to Laura, of whom I had read so much and whom I had so long desired to see.

"Laura Bridgeman is now fifteen years old; a good figure, just beginning to assume the complete and rounded forms of womanhood, and a face which though not positively handsome, has good features, and charms by its frank, animated and joyous expression—perhaps still more by the rapidity of its changes with every passing thought and emotion. Her quenched eyes are covered by a green band, and the tell disease of childhood which blinded her, has left a conspicuous though not unseemly mark upon one side of her face and throat. Of all human beings I ever saw, she appears to be most full of nervous susceptibility; she is never still for a moment; and her excitement is governed if not caused by happy sensations, the study of her is not less agreeable than interesting.

"Her disposition seems to overflow with affection; she stands or sits with one arm round the waist of her teacher, and is perpetually kissing her hand, or gently patting her face, or lavishing upon her expressions of attachment by rapid movements of her loquacious fingers. When I saw her she was more than usually excited, the day being one not set apart for the reception of visiters; if I had not been there she would have been employed alone in her own room, whereas now she was with her teacher, in whose companionship she seems to take a passionate delight.

"She was requested to go through some exercises on the map, &c., but she was so full of play that she could not refrain from indulging in a variety of little sportive tricks—giving wrong answers on purpose, with a sly laugh, and in sundry ways endeavoring, as it seemed, to entice her teacher into a game of romps instead of attending to business. And by the way I was delighted with the kind and gentle gravity with which her escapades were checked and her mind recalled to the proprieties of the occasion.

"Laura is to a considerable extent withdrawn now from association with the other pupils; she eats at Dr. Howe's table, and is exclusively under the training of the young lady I mentioned at the outset. Her activity of mind is extreme and her desire to know can scarcely be satisfied. She delights in receiving and writing letters, and is very fond of going to Boston, where she is often seen walking rapidly, hand in hand with her teacher, and conversing as fast as her fingers can move—or rather fly.

"Although totally mute and deaf she is capable of uttering various sounds at will, and by some arbitrary arrangement of her own has connected these sounds with individuals belonging to the institution; her teacher she calls by a rapid iteration of the letter P, or rather of the syllable *py* as in *philanthropy*.

"As she advances toward womanhood she exhibits a strong sense of maiden modesty—carrying it so far that she can scarcely be prevailed upon to shake hands with one of the ruder sex; yet she is fond of being with Oliver, and I was told that it was quite amusing to see how she endeavors to overcome his habitual staidness and gravity, while he is as much put to it by her vivacity and restlessness.

"But enough of Laura for the present. She presented so interesting and curious a subject of study for me that I am tempted to believe any account of her must be agreeable to your readers; yet I am aware that many of them have probably seen her, and lest all should find me tedious I break off in season.

"The little fellow was still pacing along the hall as I came out, still singing cheerily and taking matters with most laudable contentment and good humor."

ATTORNIES IN CHINA.—No attorneys are allowed by law in China, but some assuming that character, act in that capacity contrary to the imperial mandate. They are thus curiously described by a literary Chinese:—"*Villainous and perverse vagabonds, who are fond of making a stir, and who, either by fraudulent or crafty schemes, excite discord or by disorderly and illegal proceedings, intimidate and impose upon people.*"

BEAUTY.

What is beauty, after all? Ask the lover who kneels in homage to one who has no attractions for others. The cold on-looker wonders that he can call that unclassic combination of features, and that awkward form, beautiful. Yet it *is* so. He sees, like Desdemona, her "visage in her mind," of her affections. A light from within shines through the external coarseness, irradiates and glorifies it. That which to others seems common place and unworthy of note, is to him in the words of Spenser—

"A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face—
The lineaments of Gospel books."

"Handsome is that handsome does—hold up your head, girls!" was the language of Mrs. Primrose in the play, when addressing her daughters. The worthy woman was right. Would that all my female readers who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not in all respects like Dubufe's Eve, or that statue of the Medician Venus, "which enchants the world," could be persuaded to listen to her. What is good looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle, generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you, and my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you. That Mirror has no heart. But quite another visage is yours on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of inward grace, "which passeth show," rests over it, softening and mellowing its features, just as the fall, calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness. "Hold up your heads, girls!" I repeat after Mrs. Primrose. Why should you not? Every mother's daughter of you can be beautiful. You can envelope yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like angels.

Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the home-sick heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Sego, as they sung their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed; and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had "no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind him corn." Oh! talk as you may of beauty as a thing to be chiseled from marble or wrought out on canvass—speculate as we may upon its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction, after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind—looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness. Quite the ugliest face I ever saw, was that of a woman whom the world calls beautiful. Through its "silver veil," the evil and ungentle passions looked out, hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which the multitudes, at first glance, denounce homely, unattractive, and such as "nature fashions by the gross," which I always recognize with a warm heart thrill; not for the world would I have one feature changed; they please me as they are; they are hallowed by kind memories;—they are beautiful through their associations; nor are they less welcome, that with my admiration of them "the stranger intermeddleth not."

A THOUGHT OVER A CRADLE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I sadden when thou smilest to thy smile,
Child of my love! I tremble to believe,
That o'er the mirror of that eye of blue,
The shadow of my heart will always pass;
A heart that from its struggle with the world,
Comes nightly to thy guarded cradle home,
And, careless of the staining dust it brings,
Asks for its idol! Strange, that flowers of earth
Are visited by every air that stirs,
And drink in sweetness only, while the child
That shuts within its breast a bloom for heaven,
May take a blemish from the breath of love,
And bear the blight forever.

I have wept
With gladness at the gift of this fair child!
My life is bound up in her. But, oh God!
Thou knowest how heavily my heart at times
Bears its sweet burthen; and if thou hast given
To nature such as mine this spotless flower,
To bring it unpolluted unto thee,
Take thou its love, I pray thee! Give it light—
Though, following the sun, it turn from me!
And link us close, oh God, when near to heaven!

ANATOMY OF LEAVES.

It is pleasing to study the nature and properties of plants and flowers—some surprising discovery meets us at every turn—and we are constantly compelled to acknowledge the wisdom of a wonder-working Providence. Even an insignificant leaf contains within itself much to command our attention, and excite our admiration. A botanical writer thus describes its anatomy:

"The parts of a leaf, the *mid-rib*; the riblets or little ribs, that ramify from the former, and by their unions and separations, form a net work of vessels through the whole substance, the upper and under sides, and the margin. The places of the riblets, and often those of their minute ramifications, form furrows upon the upper side of the leaf, and ridges upon the under. These are sometimes called *veins* or *nerves*, but improperly, as there are neither veins nor nerves in any plant. The mid-rib and riblets of a leaf, belong to the woody texture of the plant; and the *parenchyma*, which fills up the interstices, is cellular, and generally contains the greater part of the juices. The vessels are continued from those of the wood of the stem, through the *petiole* or foot-stalk, and all the ramifications of the riblets, and other vessels return in the same manner. The first set of vessels are spiral—at least, many of them are so; the second set are not. The first come from the wood; the last return to the bark."

THE BLESSINGS OF IGNORANCE.

"If ignorance be *bliss*, 'tis folly to be wise"—
"A little learning is a dangerous thing."
"Thrice is he arm'd who hath his brass pan thick."
Mottoes.

Ignorance is really bliss and wisdom is folly—an hundred tongues could not proclaim the blessings of ignorance. The heaviest artillery of argument, the sharpest shafts of wit, are repelled or blunted against its impassible mind. Ignorance stands like a vast rock in the midst of the ocean, which beats back the unruly waves which dash themselves to foam against its rugged sides. No logic can entangle—no argument stagger—no proof persuade the ignorant; the thundering of eloquence, the lightnings of ridicule, are alike unavailing.

Ignorance is moreover dignified—for it cannot be perturbed—it is resolute, for it never retracts an opinion—it is courageous, for it is contented with itself—and, superior to others, or, what comes to the same, thinks itself so, for it despises them—lastly, a striking proof of the superiority of ignorance is the number of its followers. The learned are few, the ignorant many; and to enjoy to perfection the society of our fellows, we should endeavor to resemble them.

THE SEASON.

BY T. HOOD.

Summer's gone and over!
 Fogs are falling down;
And with russet tinges,
 Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled
 By the gusty thieves,
And the Book of Nature
 Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses
 Swallows as they flit
Give like yearly tenants
 Notices to quit.

Skies of fickle temper
 Weep by turns and laugh—
Night and Day together
 Taking half-and-half.

So September endeth—
 Cold and most perverse—
But the months that follow
 Sure will pinch us worse!

Indian Fun.

NA-HOO-LA-TEH-CIM-BEH.

Few, save those who have been brought in contact with the Indian, are aware that one of his marked characteristics during the hours of listlessness and peace that fill up half his life time—indeed all, save when called to the woods to hunt for his support or perchance upon some wild marond upon an offending tribe—is a decided fondness for fun, and the display of rude wit and the practical joke. We make the assertion knowingly, but not by the *book*—for that tells the humbug story of austerity, manœuvres, &c., being his only characteristics; it's all fudge, as an old humbug friend of ours, at Arkansas, Leatherstocking remarked to us, "tha is jist naterally as fond o' fun as we white folks."

Well, as illustrative of the fact, we shall tell a very humorous joke played upon a gentleman, known familiarly and most favorably to many residents at Natchez several years since—he died, we think, near the Del Norte, about ten years ago.—Major Ben was, at the period of which we speak of, Chickasaw Agent, at that time an important and responsible office, and worthily filled by him—it was previous to the removal of the Indians west. The major in performing the duties devolving on him, found it necessary to make frequent visits to Natchez which being performed on horseback from the "*Agency*," required several days ride—the trip, however, was relieved by the frequency of "stands" which were open to the agent when others would be refused admittance—independently, however, of his claims as a public officer, he was generally warmly welcomed by all who knew him for his kindness of heart, and amiability, and that sociableness of manner which wins friends among even a crowd of strangers down south and in some parts of the West.

The Major made himself agreeable to the Indians, but in their intercourse with him, they discovered his weak point, his *soft place*—it was the vain desire to be thought *great*—to have a *big name*, something that would tell the stranger tribes, his claims upon their attention at a word.

Some of the old wits among the red skins residing in a village contiguous to his residence, at length intimated to him that they were making arrangements to initiate him into the tribe, and in bestowing upon him the dignified position of a *brave*, they would give also a *big war name*. Like incense from the sainted shrine wreathing its sinuous and fragrant folds around devout worshippers, fell this grateful flattery upon the heart of our worthy friend—a large present was, of course, on the instant forthcoming, and a frolic was at once concocted which made the "*big drunk*" come upon the village before night fall.

The day at length dawned when the investiture was to take place—the various ceremonies were gone through with, the usual amount of *soft soap*, in the way of complimentary speeches, was wasted—and the new made *brave* was, as he suspected, most highly honored with the high and mighty title, the big war name—*Na-hoo-la-teh-cim-beh!* and proud was he of *it* as was Richard, the bold king, of his title of the Lion Heart.

A month passed away and unavailing were the efforts of the Major to ascertain the signification of his honorable title—he tried an hundred different modes to have the *Dictionary* of the thing told him, but in vain were his efforts, the unvarying answer from lad and brave, and the old men, and squaws, was "*Big name heap!*"—"*big name heap!*"—"*big name heap!*"

At length business called him to Natchez, and on his route, the "*stand*," he aimed to arrive at one on the second night, was kept by an old *half breed* woman of the Choctaw tribe, who familiarly called him Benny, and treated him with all the kindness of a son—the two hours of sunlight had passed, the horses tended, and supper smoking on the table when the old woman asked him the news from "THE NATION."

"Oh, nothing of interest, the Indians are all quiet and peaceably disposed—they have taken a great liking to me, and I find no difficulty whatever—the fact is, they conferred a very high honor on me about a month ago."

"*What was that?*" eagerly asked the hostess, while, at the moment, the coffee pot, *boiling*, was elevated in her right hand, with the left thumb and forefinger resting on the lid to prevent it dropping while she was pouring out the beverage—remember the position, reader.

"Oh! they have made me a *brave* and given me a BIG WAR NAME—*Big Indian heap, me, Major Ben*," imitating the broken language of his brother *braves*.

"Well, what is it—I hadn't heard that news."

"NA-HOO-LA-TEH-CIM-BEH!" thundered forth Major Ben, as if the dignity of the tribe was at stake.

Down dropped the coffee pot—away went table, supper, chair, old woman and all—for she sprang from her seat convulsed with that shrieking laughter that sometimes brings on "*the fits*," as we are told.

The old woman ran, whooped, jumped, shrieked, squalled, and called up all her brats in regular succession, and pointed to them the man with the Big war name. The dozen joined in the chorus and were aided by all the dogs on the premises, while half a dozen sons and daughters of Ebony obtruded their black visages, and bright eyes and snowy teeth, at each window and door to look upon the wonderful brave—and they laughed too with wild delight to see "*missis enjoying herself* so mightily well at the joke"—for its *transparency* was visible to them through their knowledge of the vernacular.

The old dame at length, after half an hour's exercise of the kind detailed, "*rum too*" and was at once beset by the *brave* to know the cause of her strange conduct.

"*Why honey*," said she, "it aint nothing but that *big war name*, they is give you—I thought it would of killed me! Oh, lordy, haugh! haugh! haugh!" and away she went again like a locomotive—recovering again, she was asked,

"*Well now*—Aunt Nelly, you know I'm a mighty good friend of yours and you ought to tell me what it means."

"*Couldn't do it Benny*—it would be the death of me, if I was to tell you—it can't be done, and it better be onknown to you, for I tell you what is you'll git mighty mad when you does hear it."

The supper table was re-arranged, another pot of coffee *biled*, more *pones* baked and a few *spare ribs* and a *venison steak* with *roasted sweet potatoes*, were served up in most tempting style, but it would not do, Major Ben's glory had departed—and his appetite too.

Divers were the efforts made by him to get an explanation, but without success, and he at length compromised the matter by obtaining Aunt Nelly's promise to tell him on his return from Natchez if he could not learn it before then.

He returned, and on getting in sight of the *stand* charged at full speed on his splendid sorrel—hallooing at the top of his voice "I'm a coming! I'm a coming! *where's Aunt Nelly?*"

"I'm here, Benny, what's the matter now—any thing hurtin uv you?"

"Tell me the name for heaven's sake, or I'll die."

"Don't die, honey, and I tell you, but you must promise not to git mad at me or the Chickasaws."

"Done," said the Major, "it's a bargain."

"Well," replied Nelly, "it means 'Fool White Man.'"

The sorrel suffered from a ride of fifty miles that day. But Major Ben kept his word—and at length told the joke himself.—*Concordia Intelligencer.*

The Olio.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night!
Be thy cares forgotten quite!
Day approaches to its close;
Weary nature seeks repose,
Till the morning dawn in light,
Good night!

Go to rest!
Close thine eyes in slumber blest!
Now 'tis still and tranquil all,
Hear we but the watchman's call,
And the night is still and blest.
Go to rest!

Slumber sweet!
Heavenly forms thy fancy greet!
Be thy visions from above,
Dreams of rapture,—dreams of love!
As the fair one's form you meet,
Slumber sweet!

Good night!
Slumber till the morning light!
Slumber till the dawn of day
Brings its sorrow with its ray!
Sleep without or fear or fright!
Our Father wakes! Good night!
Good night!

CURIOUS DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT BIBLE.—A copy of the first complete edition of the English Bible, printed by Myles Coverdale, bearing the date 1535, was accidentally discovered, a short time since, in the false bottom of an old oak chest, at Holkham Hall, Norfolk, the seat of the Earl of Leicester. There are numerous imperfect copies of this edition of the Holy Scriptures in existence, two being deposited in the Library of the British Museum, one in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, one in the Cambridge University Library, and in fact most of the great libraries and public institutions in England, as well as many private individuals possessing the volume. The copy now brought to light is the most valuable specimen of Myles Coverdale's labors hitherto known, being in every respect perfect, whereas all the other volumes enumerated are deficient of many leaves, both at the beginning and the end. The proprietor of Holkham has had the book appropriately bound and enclosed in an oaken box, and it now graces the shelves of his magnificent library. A London bookseller is said to have offered $500 for this bibliographical treasure.

THE DOCTOR AND THE PAVIOR.—Dr. Radcliffe had a great objection to paying his bills. A pavior, after long and fruitless attempts to get his account settled, caught, Dr. R., just getting out of his chariot, at his own door, in Bloomsbury Square, and demanded the liquidation of his debt.

"Why, you rascal," said the doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work."

"Doctor," said the pavior, "mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides."

"You dog, you," said Radcliffe, "are you a wit? You must be poor—come in and you shall be paid."

A VENERABLE old horse in Belchertown, familiarly called "Old Grey," twenty-one years old, had been in the habit of being driven to church with the family on the Sabbath, almost without fail for many years past, but it happened last Sabbath that none of the family were going to church. "Old Grey" waited quietly in his quarters after the ringing and tolling of the second bell, then deliberately marched out and off to his standing place in the meeting-house shed, where he remained till morning service closed, and then trotted home again, as much edified, perhaps, as some of his human fellow beings who had the advantage of a place inside the church walls.

IT MUST GO HARD WITH THE FRENCH.—During the late French war, a farmer remarked to the rector of the parish that the contest would go very hard with the French. The rector replied that, if it pleased God, he hoped it would. "Nay," said the farmer, "I am sure it will, then; for He says by the prophet Ezekiel (xxxv. 1, 2, 3,) 'Son of man, set thy face against *Mount Seir*.' Now my wife, who is a better scholar than I am, says that this can be nothing but *Mounseer*, the French; and in almost the next verse it is still stronger, for there the prophet adds, 'Oh, *Mount Seir*, I am against thee, and I will make thee most desolate.'"

DEFINING HIS RELIGION.—A sailor being summoned to give testimony before a court, was questioned thus by the judge as to his religious creed:—

"Are you an Episcopalian?"

"No, sir."

"A Catholic?"

"No, sir."

"A Methodist?"

"No, sir."

"What are you, then?"

"I am captain of the fore-top, sir!"

LOVE.—Charles Lover, in a new work of "St. Patrick's Eve," remarks on the tender passion as follows:—"The game of love is the same, whether the players be clad in velvet or in hodden grey. Beneath the gilded ceiling of the palace, or the lowly rafter of a cabin, there are the same hopes and fears, the same jealousies, and distrusts, and desponding; for, after all, the stake is human happiness, whether he who risk it be a prince or a peasant."

PHYSICIANS.—It is pleasing to see the rude customs of our ancestors adapted to our modern civilization. Our German forefathers believed that he who died a natural death must pass a long time in suspense before entering into the enjoyment of Walhalla, and therefore always called in some one to put an end to their life, when there was any danger of its ending in a natural way. We have preserved this custom, and the result is—doctors.

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, THE GREAT REMEDY FOR *Consumption, Colds, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Pain in the Side and Breast, Whooping Cough, Croup, and all Disorders of the Liver and Lungs, Broken Constitution, &c.*

THE ABOVE IS THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY genuine preparation from this valuable tree, and has won its way to public favor by its unparalleled success in curing all diseases of the Lungs, notwithstanding the many articles prepared by persons who have no knowledge of the science of medicine in theory or practice—and some more readily to deceive the unsuspecting, use a part of the name of the original preparation, such as "Balsam of Wild Cherry," "Pherus' Balsam of Wild Cherry," "Balsam of Wild Cherry and Comfry," &c., all sprung up with a mercenary view, after "Doctor Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry" had won a reputation in the "healing art," never to be forgotten by many a once cheerless fireside. Therefore the public should be on their guard and purchase none but the original preparation, which is daily performing such astonishing cures in Pulmonary complaints, after all other remedies had failed and the patients given up as hopeless. Thousands of certificates might be published which would astonish credulity itself, but it is deemed unnecessary;—below we publish a few of the names of persons who have been cured by this "wonderful remedy."

ROBERT GLENN, Steward of the Alms House, near Frankford, testifies to the efficacy of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, in curing Valentine Chapman of one of the most aggravated cases of diseased Lungs, which has ever been placed upon record, after every other remedy had failed, and his Physician had given him up as incurable.

MISS S. LEWIS, of West Philadelphia, cured of Bleeding of the Lungs of five years standing, her symptoms were spitting of blood, attended with a hacking cough, pain in the side, breast and back, which finally brought on a confirmed Consumption, entirely cured by the use of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry.

MRS. SNOWN, corner of Second street and Germantown Road, Philadelphia, effectually cured of diseased Lungs and the symptoms of incipient Consumption, by using four bottles of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry.

R. JACKSON, D. D., formerly Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, N. York, testifies to the efficacy of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, and recommends it to the heads of families, having witnessed its wonderful effect in more than one hundred cases, in relieving children of every obstinate complaint, such as coughing, wheezing, choking of phlegm, asthmatic attacks, &c.

ABRAHAM SHIPTER, Crawford county, Pa., cured of a protracted cough, pain in the side and breast, &c., after being reduced to a mere skeleton.

JAMES OSBOURN, Washington, Pa., cured of Consumption and Bleeding of the Lungs, after being given up by several eminent Physicians, and having used most of the potent medicines.

This medicine in all cases gives immediate relief, and is a safe, pleasant and effectual remedy, and worthy a trial of the most sceptical.

☞ Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE, N. W. corner of EIGHTH and RACE streets, Philadelphia, where all orders must be addressed.

Attached are the names of a few of the principal agents: Haviland, Keese & Co. New York; Dr. Milner, corner of Broadway and John streets, New York; Avery, Ogden & Co., and Wm. Thorn, Pittsburg, Pa.; E. B. Hinman, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. S. Morris & Co. Louisville, Ky.; E. Easterly & Co., and D. R. Diffenderffer, St. Louis, Mo.; Andrew Oliver & Co. N. Orleans; O. O. Woodman, Vicksburg, Miss.; S. Coltart, Huntsville, Ala.; B. Hoeltige, Book store, Buffalo, N. York; Seth W. Roberts, Mobile; Stabler & Canby, Pratt street wharf, Baltimore, Md.; J. M'Kinley, Lionville, Pa.; J. P. Hall & Co., and Mrs. E. Kidder, Boston; R. Farnham, Washington, D. C.; J. M. Turner, Savanna, Geo.; J. M. Winslow & L. B. Swan, Rochester; Harvey Seymour, Hartford, Conn.; H. & J. Brewer, Springfield, Mass., and all the principal towns throughout the U. States. aug 9-3m

DR. JACKSON'S PILE EMBROCATION.

HEMORRHOIDS, OR PILES, IS A DISEASE produced by local irritation, costiveness, purgative stimulants, undue determination of blood to the hemorrhoidal vessels by excessive riding or walking, or a congestive state of the liver, and often by a peculiarity of the constitution itself.

It is usually considered under three forms, or varieties, as follows:—Blind Piles, White Piles, and Bleeding Piles.

This disease is so common and so very well known, that a description of its symptoms is not considered necessary.

The success that has followed the use of the Embrocation in the cure of this disease, has been truly astonishing. Physicians now advise their patients to use it, as the only PILE MEDICINE.

In addition to its being a positive remedy for the Piles, it never fails to cure that INTOLERABLE ITCHING which is so very common, and has its location in the same parts as the Piles.

Read the following from the editorial columns of Alexander's Weekly Messenger.

FOUND AT LAST.—*A Sure Cure for the Piles!*—Physicians and chemists have long been anxious to discover a medicine that would cure one of the most troublesome diseases, the Piles. Success has at last been the result. *Dr. Jackson's Pile Embrocation* not only stops all bleeding, allays pain and inflammation, subdues that intolerable itching, but effectually cures, like a charm, and in a very short time, persons whose lives have been rendered miserable for years.

Only a few from the great number of certificates will be published. Read the following:

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

PHILADELPHIA, March 10, 1845. Western Hotel.

DR. JACKSON—Sir:—I think there are few diseases which are more common and troublesome than the Piles, and during the last fifteen years I have suffered from them very much, causing pain, bleeding, and immoderate itching; I used all the various remedies, but without relief, until I got a bottle of your EMBROCATION, from Dr. Jayne, No. 8 South Third Street, which completely cured me in three weeks!!!

Yours, truly, S. H. PLIMPTON.

And the following from the editor of the Philadelphia Times.

"HIGHLY IMPORTANT!!—JACKSON'S EMBROCATION never fails. It is the only medicine now sold for the cure of one of the most common and troublesome diseases.

"A friend who has been cured by it, asks us to speak warmly in praise of the efficacy of *Jackson's Pile Embrocation*. He describes it as being the very best remedy of the kind ever imagined by the enthusiast in pharmacy."

Mr. Ashford's letter must settle the question in the mind of every one.

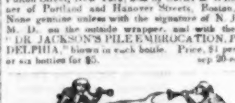
PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!—Rarely a day passes that we do not get some testimony, either verbal or written, of the great efficacy of *Dr. Jackson's Pile Embrocation*.—Read the following:

NEW YORK, 721 Broadway, September 2d, 1845.

DR. N. JACKSON—Dear Sir:—Will you send me six bottles of your PILE EMBROCATION?—I wish them part to keep myself, and part for a legal gentleman, a friend of mine, who has found great relief in using from my bottle two or three times. You remember, when in Philadelphia, I was suffering dreadfully from this terrible scourge. I only took one bottle from you; I have not used it quite all and am now perfectly well. As you may suppose, I proclaim the virtues of your medicine wherever I go. I tell every friend about it; and it is singular to perceive how many are suffering in this way—I believe half of my acquaintances are more or less afflicted. Let me tell you that you can sell here, as fast as you choose to make. When you want a certificate from me you shall have it, and you are at liberty to show this letter if you wish.

Respectfully yours, LEWIS P. ASHFORD.

Prepared only by Dr. N. JACKSON, and sold wholesale and retail by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third Street, Philadelphia, and by A. B. & D. Sands, No. 79 Fulton Street, New York, also by Carter & Wilson, corner of Portland and Hanover Streets, Boston, Mass. None genuine unless with the signature of N. Jackson, M. D. on the outside wrapper, and with the words "DR. JACKSON'S PILE EMBROCATION, PHILADELPHIA," blown in each bottle. Price, $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. sep 20-eow tf



DEAFNESS CURED!!—SCARPA'S COMPOUND ACOUSTIC OIL, for the cure of Deafness, Pains, and the discharge of matter from the Ears. Also, all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c., which are symptoms of approaching Deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen, and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and surgeons highly recommend its use.

Read the following from the Philada. Public Ledger.

"*Have you ever tried it?*—If not, do not delay another day, but send immediately; if you have been one of the wise and prudent, and already bought a bottle, the question is settled; you have recovered your hearing. *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness* never fails. It is the only medicine that will cure. Thousands of deaf persons will give their testimony in its favor. The beauty of the thing is that it cures you without producing any pain."

The Editor of the Philadelphia Forum thus speaks of the medicine.

"*Valuable Article.*—Scarpa's Acoustic Oil is said by those who have had occasion to use it, to be an excellent medicine in cases of deafness arising from colds or other causes. We know a young lady who not long since was almost immediately relieved by it, and the certificate of Mr. Daniel Graeff is an unanswerable testimony of its efficacy."

And again from the Editor of the Morning Chronicle:

"*Important for the Deaf.*—We commend to the particular attention of those desirous of having their hearing restored, *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness*. We hear it highly spoken of by those who have used it, and of course know its value."

Here is something worth attending to, coming as does, from a man so extensively known as Mr. Graeff, both in the city and country:

"I hereby certify, that from the effects of a severe cold last winter, I became partially deaf, attended with very disagreeable noises, like ringing of bells, &c., which gradually increased, until I completely lost the hearing of one ear—when I was induced to use Scarpa's Acoustic Oil, and am now happy to say, that with the use of one bottle of the above medicine, I can hear as well as ever, and all disagreeable noises have entirely disappeared. Any further information respecting my case, will be gladly given, by calling on me at 15½ North Fifth street, near Race.

Philada., Nov. 11, 1843. DANIEL GRAEFF."

READ WHAT SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL HAS DONE!!!—The greatest cure every yet performed by any medicine. It never fails!

From the Albany Daily Knickerbocker.

West Troy, June 3, 1844.

This is to certify that I, Willard Jenks, proprietor of the West Troy Exchange Hotel, having been afflicted with deafness in one ear for the last twenty years, and in the other for the last year, so that it was impossible for me to hear the loudest voice, and after trying various remedies without improving my hearing in the least, I was induced to try Scarpa's Compound Acoustic Oil for the cure of Deafness, and it is with great gratification I am enabled to state that it has perfectly restored my hearing, and I will be happy to see any person who wishes for information in relation to my case, at my place, in West Troy.

mar 8-eowtf WILLARD JENKS.

A great number of certificates and other testimonials may be seen by calling at Dr. D. Jayne's, No. 20 South Third street, or B. B. Gumpert, No. 120 North Second street, Philadelphia, where the medicine is for sale, wholesale or retail. Also at A. B. & D. Sands, No. 79 Fulton street, New York; Carter & Wilson, corner of Portland and Hanover streets, Boston, Mass.; G. L. Dubois, Baltimore, Md.; P. M. Cohen & Co., Charleston, S. C.; Sickles & Co., New Orleans, La.; S. F. Ells, Dayton, Ohio; J. W. Sheppard, Cincinnati, Ohio; B. & J. Adams, St. Louis, Mo.; A. Carter, Portland, Me.; W. F. Pierce, Albany, N. Y.; W. K. Kitchen, Augusta, Ga.; A. Jayne's, Pittsburg, Pa.; Tomlinson & Brothers, Indianapolis, Ind.; and in most of the principal cities in the United States.

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